

Florida WILDLIFE

AUGUST, 1956

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS

JUNIOR WILDLIFE
PHOTO CONTEST

PRACTICE FOR
NEXT SEASON NOW

VACATION VARMINTS



FLORIDA STATE LIBRARY

Wallace
Hughes

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

Fishing Citation

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

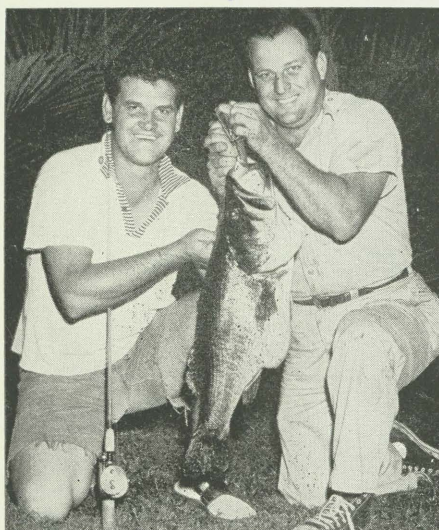
All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.



Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

- LARGEMOUTH BASS
.....8 pounds or larger
- CHAIN PICKEREL
.....4 pounds or larger
- BLUEGILL (BREAM)
.....1 pound or larger
- SHELLCRACKER
.....2 pounds or larger
- BLACK CRAPPIE
.....2 pounds or larger
- RED BREAST
.....1 1/2 pounds or larger

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE _____ Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name _____ Address _____

Species of Fish _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used _____

Where Caught _____ Date _____

Catch Witnessed by _____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at _____

(Signature of Applicant)

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish

★

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In This Issue

You Are The Law	Don Southwell	5
Junior Wildlife Photo Contest		6
Practice For Next Season Now	Carson Alexander	12
Vacation Varmints	John H. Gerard	14
The Waterfront Gang	Margo Hosford	16
Used But Useful	Edmund McLaurin	18
Ajax, Florida	Plato Winder	21
Dinner Date For Ducks		22
The Animal Art of Self Defense	Ross Phares	23
First Fishing Trip	Eric Wahleen	24
Anglers Aglow	George Crowley	26
Meet Joy Postle	Chuck Schilling	27
Boating Time		28
Ghosts In The Oaks	Mary Wells Dawkins	31

Departments

STRIKES & BACKLASHES	4	SPORTSMAN'S BOOKSHELF	35
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST	8	FISHING	36
MUZZLE FLASHES	10	DOG CHATTER	39
FLORIDA BIRDLIFE	33	TESTS & TELLS	40

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Okeechobee, Florida



GUNS

Dear Sir:

FLORIDA WILDLIFE is the best state game and fish conservation magazine I have read. It's good from cover to cover, well written and interesting.

The June issue was especially good. I'm going to file the excellent article by Edmund McLaurin on gun cabinets. It seems to me fellows with some simple tools could make a nice gun cabinet for themselves, then a few of their friends. The profits could be used to buy some always needed outdoor equipment.

There was another article by the same author on handgun shooting that should interest either novice or expert in what I think is the finest of all sports. Keep up the good work!

Kent Bellah
Saint Jo, Texas
(Contributing Editor
U. S. HANDGUNNER)

Dear Sir:

You have really been putting out some good articles lately especially those on handguns and shooting by Edmund McLaurin.

Even though I'm in the service where hand-guns are a basic study, I've been greatly helped by his articles. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading FLORIDA WILDLIFE during my two years in Japan and will be looking forward to more articles by Mr. McLaurin and all the other fine writers.

Ronald McLean
San Francisco, Calif.

NATURAL HISTORY

Sirs:

The July Natural History issue is one of the best FLORIDA WILDLIFE I have ever read. The article and artwork make this a must for school children and I am enclosing a check for six extra copies to be used in my nature class next fall.

D. D. Robinson
Atlanta, Georgia

PARIS TO FLORIDA

Dear Sir:

On a recent flying trip to Florida to inspect some property I have purchased, it was my good fortune to pick up a copy of FLORIDA WILDLIFE. This was my first visit

to Florida, but certainly not my last, for I intend to retire there in the very near future.

As an ardent fisherman and hunter, I can't for the life of me see how any sportsman in Florida can get along without your magazine. As far as I am concerned it is one of the best, and I am looking forward to receiving it for many years to come.

Enclosed please find my personal check for a one-year subscription. If possible I would like this subscription to begin with the July 1956 issue as I believe it will be a collector's item for all Florida sportsmen.

CWO W. H. Hofman, USN
Paris, France

12 POUNDER

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a photo of a 12 pound bass I caught May 1, 1956. This bass was caught right in a Lutz lake in a hole 40 feet deep where they had pumped out sand for a fill in. I heard several fellows say they had a big one but he always got away, so I decided I would try my hand. I got a few shiners and started in. I fished 10 feet down



but the shiner never got that far when there was an awful slash. He came up once. When I saw his size I started to sweat. He was well hooked and it took me about 15 minutes to tire him out, so was I. He was weighed on the Lutz Post Office scales.

Charles F. Boise
Lutz, Florida

WATER HOLES

Gentlemen:

An idea came to me which I thought might be of interest to the Game and Fresh

Water Fish Commission.

If you want to make large water holes where there are now dry gullies, a piece of tin at an angle crossways of a flowing stream will deflect the water and quickly wash out a large deep hole. Experimenting would determine how large and how deep. Anyway, this would be an easy way for cattlemen to make water holes for their cows and for fishing.

Tom Gaskins
Palmdale, Florida

VISIT FROM HOME

Gentlemen:

Thank you for the copy of FLORIDA WILDLIFE and the reminder that my subscription has expired.

I am a native Floridian and your magazine is like a visit from home each month. I surely want to keep my subscription going so enclosed find a check for my renewal and a one year subscription for my son.

R. L. Griffith
Warwick, Rhode Island

RETURNING HOME

Gentlemen:

Please renew the subscription for my husband. I subscribed for it for his birthday and renewed it last year and want to do so again this year.

He moved back to Florida the last of January and the children and I are coming back as soon as school is out here.

We have saved all the issues for three years. I have copied so many of the recipes into my cookbook and we have studied all the fishing and hunting stories so we can be better equipped.

We enjoy each article and surely get a laugh out of the Ajax ones.

If you have gift cards to send notifying of gift renewals, we'd appreciate your sending one.

Mrs. Ed C. Hughes
Clarksfield, Minnesota

COMING—

SEPTEMBER ISSUE —
MARSH HEN HUNTING
EARLY HUNTING NEWS

OCTOBER ISSUE —
DOVE HUNTING
1956-57 GAME LAWS

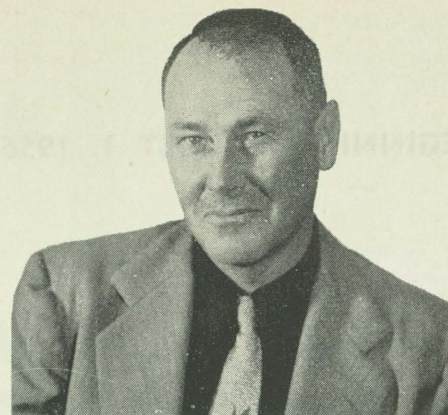
NOVEMBER ISSUE —
ANNUAL 50-PAGE
HUNTING SPECIAL

YOU Are The Law

By **DON SOUTHWELL**

Commissioner, Fifth District

Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission



You own a share in a wild creature.

Yes, no matter who you are, if you live in this state, you own a share in a white-tailed deer, a huge black bear, a soft-treading panther, a covey of quail, a flight of doves, or a school of fish.

Under the law, the fish and game belong to the people. As a citizen, you have a lawful interest in the state's wildlife, as well as the conservation of its natural resources.

No one may transcend, breach or destroy your lawful rights of ownership in the state's fish and game. This is a basic truth.

But, since the fish and game belong to all of the citizens, neither you nor your neighbor has a right to illegally take any game animal or fish. Although you own a share of every deer, so does every other citizen of the state. Illegal taking of that deer by any one citizen infringes upon the rights of all the other citizens.

By due process of law, the people of Florida, in 1942, vested the management, restoration, conservation and regulation of the birds, game, fur-bearing animals and fresh-water fish in the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

Because of this, the Commission is charged with the responsibility of managing, restoring, conserving and regulating the fish and game which belong to the citizens of the state.

The laws governing the fish and game are created through the powers which the people bestowed upon the Commission. No one else, except the people, could give such power.

Therefore, you are the law.

As a citizen, owning a share of the fish and game, you caused laws to be created to protect your fish and game. Those who break the fish and game laws, break your law.

Beyond the legal rights of ownership, every person has a financial stake in the conservation of our wildlife and other natural resources.

If you were to illegally shoot one deer, and be charged with the responsibility of replacing that deer, it would cost you about \$275.00 to buy one new live deer. The deer, as it stands in the forest, is worth \$275.00 to each and every person who owns a share in it.

The valuation of that same deer as a legal game animal, may be easily doubled and then compounded. Hunters spend a great deal of money each year to follow their favorite sport.

The hunter must buy arms and ammunition, and other sporting goods, in order to hunt that particular deer during the legal open season. He must buy gas and transportation, food and lodging, licenses, and

many other items. The hunter must buy all this, whether or not he is ever fortunate enough to shoot that legal deer. Usually, the hunter doesn't shoot the deer, but he is willing to spend the money to try.

The value of that deer, then, to the people, the merchants, the government and the hunter is almost beyond belief.

This is reason why there must be laws to protect that deer, and every other game and fur-bearing animal, bird and fresh-water fish.

The game and fish laws protect your legal rights and financial interest in the fish and game.

When you have laws, you must have law-enforcement officers. The wildlife officer is the man who has the responsibility of enforcing the laws which you created to protect your interests.

Law enforcement will always be a major program of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. And, because it is important, it presents many problems.

It is difficult for a wildlife officer to enforce a bad or a weak law. In fact, a bad or a weak law could possibly be worse than no law at all.

In order to manage, restore and regulate our game and fish, we need better laws with better penalties for infractions of such laws.

When the people created the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, they did so through an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Florida. Under the law of that amendment, the power to set the penalties for breaking the fish and game laws was not given to the Game Commission. Such power to set such penalties was given only to the Florida State Legislature.

Although the Commission can set the rules and regulations for hunting and fishing, it cannot set the penalties for those who break such rules and regulations. Only the Legislature can do that. And only the Courts can hand down such penalties. As a citizen, you stipulated that in your law.

There is little question that we need better and more adequate penalty bills. Let the penalty fit the crime.

The Commission can, and is continually trying to, set better rules and regulations. Rules and regulations that are fair to everyone, and still efficient and practical in the conservation of fish and game.

As a Commissioner, I firmly believe that the Commission, right now, has a better and more modern law-enforcement set-up than it has ever had.

The job of improving our law-enforcement program is being done just as rapidly and as efficiently as possible. But the job is not always an easy one.

We need to continue to improve the training of wildlife officers, up-grade their equipment, streamline the laws which they must enforce, and, whenever

(Continued on Page 41)

BEGINNING AUGUST 1, 1956

Florida Wildlife's JUNIOR WILDLIFE PHOTO CONTEST

RULES

1. The Junior Wildlife Photo Contest ends at midnight December 31, 1956.
2. Contestants must be between the ages of 8 and 18 inclusive.
3. The contest is open to all children regardless of where they live. However, all photos must be taken within the State of Florida.
4. All photos must be mailed first class mail to Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Florida, by midnight of December 31, 1956.
5. Contestants may submit as many photos as they desire.
6. Photos must be at least 4 inches by five inches in size and no larger than 11 inches by 14 inches.
7. The following information must be printed or typed on a piece of paper and pasted on the back of each photograph: (Do not write on photos.) (a) Name of camera used (b) type of film used (c) exposure used (d) location where picture was taken (e) your name, address, and age. This information must appear on the back of every photograph submitted.
8. All prize winning photographs become the property of Florida Wildlife.
9. No photographs will be returned unless self addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed with entry.

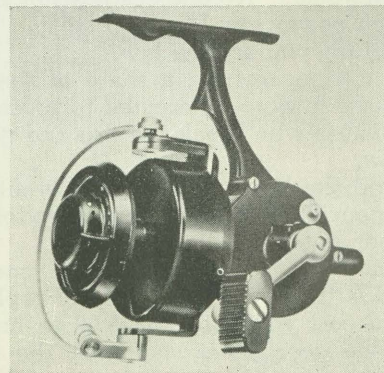
SEVEN DIVISIONS

First and second place prizes will be awarded the best photographs submitted for each of the following divisions:

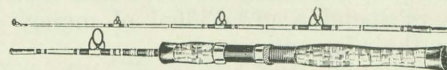
BIRDS • ANIMALS • FISH • PLANTS
HUNTING • SCENICS • FISHING

GRAND PRIZE

For the photo judged most outstanding of the contest, regardless of division, a grand prize consisting of the following will be awarded:

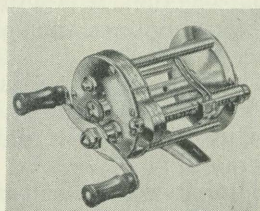


CENTAURE RIVER SPINNING REEL

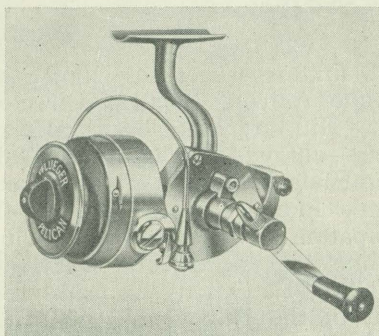


PHANTOM TUBULAR SPINNING ROD
GLADDING 8# PLATYL SPINNING LINE
FISHING TACKLE ASSORTMENT

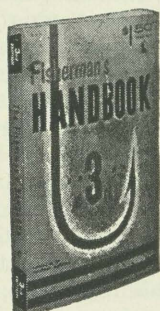
HUNDREDS OF PRIZES



PFLUEGER SKILKAST REEL



PFLUEGER PELICAN SPINNING REEL



FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOKS



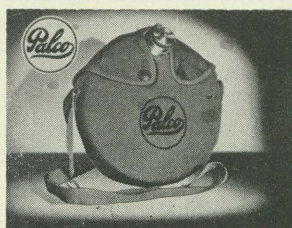
SQUACKY SQUIRREL CALLS



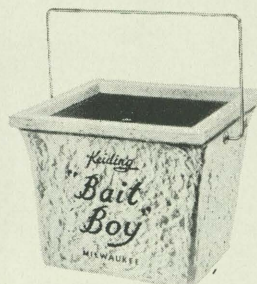
PALCO MESS KITS



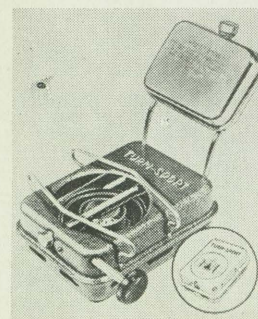
GETZEM FISH BAIT ODORS



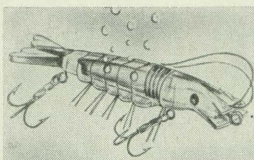
PALCO CANTEENS



KEIDING BAIT BUCKETS



TURM-SPORT COOKING STOVE



MANNING SHRIMP LURES

SOUTH BEND ROCK HOPPERS

ASSORTED PORTER BAITS

METFLY SPOONS

PFLUEGER SCAMPER SPOONS

ASSORTED BOONE LURES

FLORIDA WILDLIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS

ORCHARD EXTENDO FISHING ROD

VAL-DO SPORTSMAN ASSORTMENT

CORTLAND FISHING LINE

FLOWERING FLOREO LURES

KINGFISH TACKLE ASSORTMENTS

POTBELLY LURES

SHELL-O-MATIC CARTRIDGE DISPENSER

CHASE TACKLE ASSORTMENT

CANE POLE TACKLE

LUCKY 7 FISHING LEADERS

LUCKY SEVEN TACKLE ASSORTMENTS

GLADDING SPINNING LINE

MINTON ROD HOLDER

ASSORTED PFLUEGER BAITS

CREEK CHUB BAITS

SPIN DILLY FISHING LURES

BRIDGE AND HAND LINES

ASSORTED BARRACUDA BAITS

FISHERMAN MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS

PORTER SPIN POPS

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL day here in camp at Lake Eaton. The water seems bluer than ever. As I look through the office window, I can see bobbing heads in the water having a wonderful time keeping cool during this very hot day. The bobbing heads are those of the delegates who arrived this week to do a lot of talking and to improve the League and affiliate clubs. While they are here they will elect their state officers, appoint their committees, create policy for the forthcoming year, make recommendations for the State Camp, and of course enjoy the all of God's beauty which is in abundance here within our camp.

Delegates here this week are: Phil Alexander from Miami, outgoing president for 1955-56; Miss Cathlyn

McClain, treasurer of the State League retiring 1955-56; Directors Jerry Hill and Mike Davis, also retiring—Jerry is from Ocala and Mike from Hialeah. Others attending are: Henry Imhauser, president of the Allapattah Jr. Conservation Club; Ronnie Baker, president of the Eustis Club; Betty Guy Cooper, president of the Bay County All-Girls Club, Panama City; Tom Mawhinney, president of the Hialeah Jr. Conservation Squadron; Udell Wilson, president of the Shady Grove Jr. Conservation Club; Tommy Christopher, vice-president of the Stuart Club; Juanita DeBarry, secretary of the Girls' Auxiliary of the Ocala Club; Gerald Green, secretary for the club in Eustis; Barbara Godfrey, delegate from the All-Girls

Club in Panama City; Ted Howell, vice-president from Shady Grove; Bill Hinson, delegate from Eustis; David Laird, secretary for Ocala; LaVelle McCullough, delegate for Ocala; John Ramsey, delegate for Stuart; John Stoner, delegate for Ocala; Joe Ward, delegate for Miami; Gary White, delegate for Hialeah.

Since this is being written during the annual election, it is with pleasure that we announce the following state officers:

Mike Davis, President, Hialeah
Jerry Hill, Vice-President, Ocala
Betty Guy Cooper, Secretary,
Panama City
Henry Imhauser, Treasurer,
Miami
Barbara Godfrey, Panama City,
Director of Northern Area
Joe Ward, Miami, Director for
Southern Area

These officers will serve July 1, 1956 through June 30, 1957. At their annual meeting it was announced that their first fall meeting would be held at Lake Eaton October 5, 6, and 7.

The first meeting of the new Board of Directors was held the day following the annual election to discuss the important measures at hand. The agenda included chartering new clubs; bringing clubs into the League; strengthening clubs; motivating the adult advisory council which will meet this fall; club discipline; state tag day to raise funds for camp and clubs. Other pertinent subjects were discussed.

During the annual election we received word that the Florida Outdoor Writers' Association granted \$850 for the expenses of one cabin to be dedicated in their name. Also, the FOWA included in their annual meeting an award to be given the outstanding Junior Conservationist each year. This award will be a \$25 U. S. Savings Bond.

Thursday evening, June 21, was the annual banquet for the new officers. Many guests were on hand to watch the new officers become installed with the state ritual and ceremony. The ritual team consisted of Tom Mawhinney, Tommy Christopher, David Laird, and John Stoner. Center piece used for the banquet table included a realistic setting of wildlife.

At the present time there are eighteen clubs that have now affiliated with the League.

5th Annual Conference:

The first meeting of the delegates Monday, June 18, was designed to create their own agenda for the re-



Education Officer Don Carrol instructs a couple of Junior Conservationist campers in the craft of plaster casting animal tracks. Photo by Jim Reed.

mainder of the week. The member-delegates decided to hold all of their business sessions in the mornings, leaving the afternoons free for leisure time. At this first meeting they decided on what subjects they were to consider discussing. The following subjects were selected: Ways and means of raising money for clubs and League, money making projects, club activities, club leadership, membership, club secretaries, club sponsors, club discipline, procedures, public relations, club reporters, club meeting places, demerit systems in clubs, community interest, officers and their duties, function of the board of directors. The second group for discussion included the following: State board of directors, function of the directors, claw bulletin, League affiliates, committees standing and committees special, membership, reactivation of clubs, State Advisory Board of Adults, camp improvements, League constitution, financial stability, indebtedness of camp and League, material for Wildlife Magazine, cooperation with the GFWFC, League business, rank system, merit point conservation projects, and appointment of committees.

Last week, our first week in the operation of the camp, introduced our All-Girls Week (June 10-16). Twenty-five girls participated in our first week of camping. Members who spent a pleasant week were: Ann Alford, LaVelle McCullough, Betty Mather, Ocala; Betty Guy Cooper, Cathlyn McClain, Annette Howard, Barbara Godfrey, Mari Frances Harmon, Donna Hazen, Charlie Calhoun, Marshal Ross, Panama City; Lana Bryan, Sandra Reaves, Pamela Reaves, Fruitland Park; Claudia Brewster, Sandra Gilmore, Lakeland; Linda Hopkins, Carol McNeely, Hollywood; Sandra and Dina Iannetti, Lake Worth; Judy and Linda Perra, Tampa; Nancy Polk, Jeannie Dequine, Leesburg; Zura Wilson, Williston. Our counselors for the week were Miss Phyllis Shower, University of Florida, and Miss Lois Mixter, St. Petersburg Junior College.

Our staff for this week includes Counselors Clyde Carter, University of Miami; Homer Schaefer, University of Florida; and Jose Heurtas-Jourda, also of the University of Florida.

This year we have two small deer for mascots. Both have names; the larger of the two (about eight weeks old) is called Lord Eaton, and the smaller one (about three weeks old) is called Kid Ocala. They run around

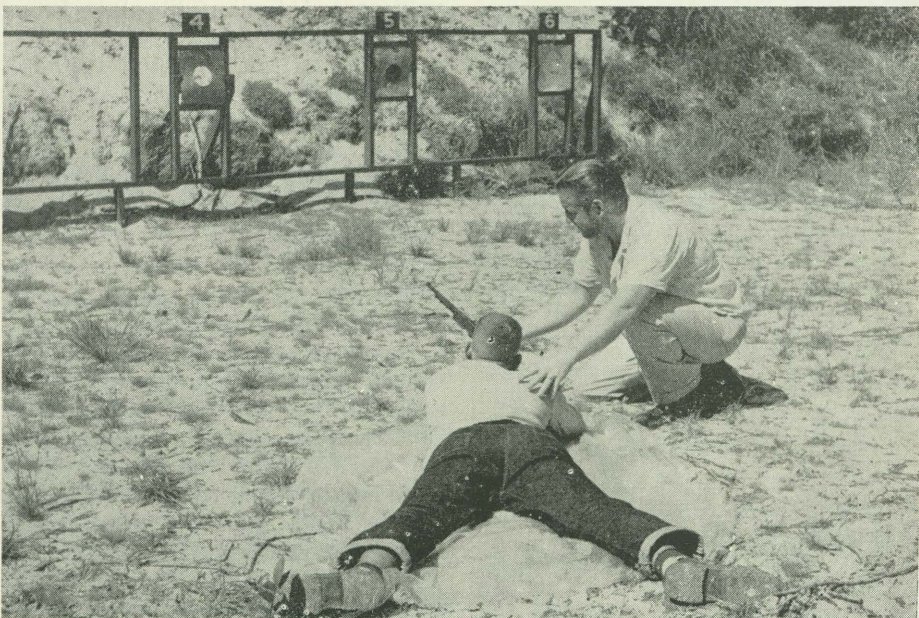
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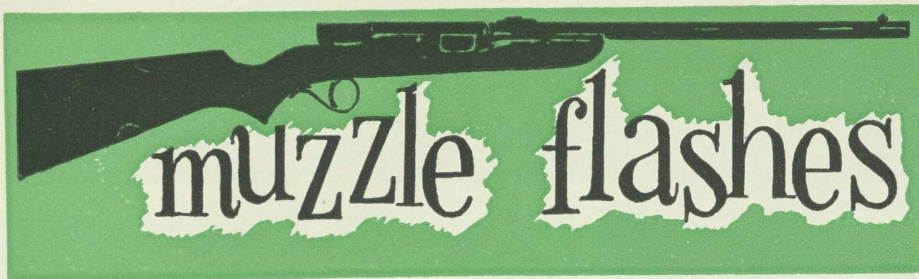
Under constant adult supervision, water safety is stressed during the swimming sessions at Lake Eaton. Photo by Jim Reed.



This year the Junior Conservation Camp at Lake Eaton boasts two mascots, a pair of whitetail fawns called Lord Eaton and Kid Ocala. Photo by Jim Reed.



Older boys learn firearms handling and safety under the watchful eyes of expert instructors at the Junior Conservation camp range. Photo by Jim Reed.



By EDMUND McLAURIN

EVER SINCE Samuel Colt invented the handgun that made him famous—and even before that—most firearms have depended on a falling hammer action against firing pin, or directly on a sensitive primer, for ignition of the powder charge. Even the so-called “hammerless” actions have utilized the working principle inside their metal housings.

Revolvers have been manufactured with all styles and weights of hammers, but invariably have had one common characteristic — their hammers have first had to be cocked for the most accurate shooting possible. Even the FBI agents, who rely on modern revolvers of double-action design, realize that accuracy is enhanced when time is taken to cock a revolver for deliberate firing as a single-action weapon. They learn to fire single-action (by cocking the revolver for each shot) faster and more accurately than most shooters can empty a similar revolver via mechanically-incorporated double-action. To the target shooter desiring hits grouped within a small area, using a revolver single-action is very important to enjoyed accuracy and his recognized rating as an expert handgunner. Also influential are such factors as revolver hammer weight, shape, arc of travel and time lapse between the moment the hammer starts to fall and the explosion of the powder charge. In the latter respect, some revolver hammers are relatively slow.

In some instances, originally heavy revolver hammers have been given a pattern of holes, like Swiss cheese, to reduce both hammer weight and the time required for their fall after trigger-sear release. The idea is to reduce the total mechanical operating time and the potential gun movement errors that can creep in between the time the trigger squeeze is fully applied and the released hammer hits the cartridge primer to explode it and fire the load.

However, removal of weight from a hammer part, to make it have a faster action, is not a job for an amateur. Removing too much metal

will definitely weaken a hammer, making it more liable to crack. An expert gunsmith who specializes in handgun work usually knows the points where excess metal can be safely removed and how much.

Hammers of short-throw design also have been developed, notably the King-Ricky Gunsight Company (Burlingame, California) product originated by D. W. King, Pacific Coast gunsmith. Besides a fast fall, a short-throw hammer action invariably gives a better defined and faster sear and trigger disengagement—one so fast that muzzle movement during the represented time lapse between disengagement of trigger and sear and the full fall of the hammer is almost nothing.

A broad, beaver-tail shaped and matted face hammer spur is also a great aid to fast firing of a revolver for aimed, single-action work. Many of the current crop of target type revolvers now incorporate a wide hammer spur as standard, factory furnished equipment, but many of the earlier handguns lacked this desirable feature and smooth-cocking aid.

For both vintage and modern revolvers not having the low broad spur now used on the Smith & Wesson K series, and the new Colt Officer's Model, revolvers, Steven J. Herrett, Twin Falls, Idaho, stock-maker has developed a matted face, king-size steel hammer shoe that fits on the standard hammer and locks with an Allen-set screw. The installation requires no alteration in the appearance of the standard factory hammer, and the addition permits natural cocking of the revolver with the end of the thumb directly in line with the rear plane of the hammer. The broad spur gives more contact surface with the thumb and eliminates undesirable release of the web of the hand from the gun's backstrap, allowing a continuous hold on the gun for all shots in a fired string. Herrett makes the lightweight spurs for both Smith & Wesson and Colt's

pre-war standard hammers, with the offset either right or lefthanded, as desired. He also can furnish the same attachable matted face hammer spurs in long and wide design but without offset. The accessory is not expensive and installation can be made in less than five minutes.

Where the shooter's thumb rests on a revolver frame and whether or not pressure is exerted at the contact points have considerable influence on revolver barrel movement just as the shot is fired. Proper place for the thumb of the revolver-holding hand is atop the cylinder latch, just resting there close to the hammer but not exerting any pressure either downward or sideways. Applying finger pressure to the revolver's frame at the described point is a common mistake of beginners—although to present a fair technique analysis here, there are some experts who prefer the thumb both resting on the cylinder latch and simultaneously exerting a downward pressure against the trigger action effect on the gun.

Whichever technique you decide to use, thumb movement for each cocking operation should be quick and smooth, with full consciousness of what you are doing (until repetition of proper cocking becomes an almost sub-conscious function, like shifting a car's gears in 5:00 P.M. traffic). Take especial care not to allow the revolver's muzzle to dip when making the cocking action.

In rapid-fire, or any firing of more than a single aimed shot, do as former champion Charles Askins, Jr., suggests and place the ball of your thumb on top of the hammer spur and draw the thumb directly toward the aiming eye. So accomplished, the revolver will again be cocked for firing without the muzzle being moved to one side or the other. It's a good idea to very slightly tighten your hand's grip on the revolver stock as each cocking operation is begun, to assure that the gun does not shift position in the hand.

Any revolver that proves hard to cock for single-action use is almost certain to be a pronounced handicap in the timed and rapid-fire stages of match competition.

Admittedly, some very good shots habitually slightly “roll” their revolvers to one side for each hammer cocking operation, but in the opinion of this gun editor the “straight back” cocking procedure, providing the physical makeup of your hand permits, is the better method because (1) it keeps the gun and its muzzle pointing more or less “dead

on" target, and (2) the trigger pull is more uniform from shot to shot.

But "rolling" method or "straight back" cocking, take great pains not to bend your elbow or take your eyes off your bullseye during the moment you are cocking the revolver hammer! This good advice, along with detailed descriptions of both the "rolling" and "straight back" cocking methods, can be found in the excellent handgun instruction manual, *The ABC of Pistol Shooting*, distributed by the National Rifle Association, Washington, at 75 cents per copy. Handgun expert Frank Wyman authored the texts; the NRA, parent guardian of the national and regional pistol tournaments, merely prints and distributes Wyman's pocket manual.

Practice revolver cocking operation diligently until you can cock the gun and dry fire a simulated shot while balancing a dime on the revolver's barrel, near the muzzle.

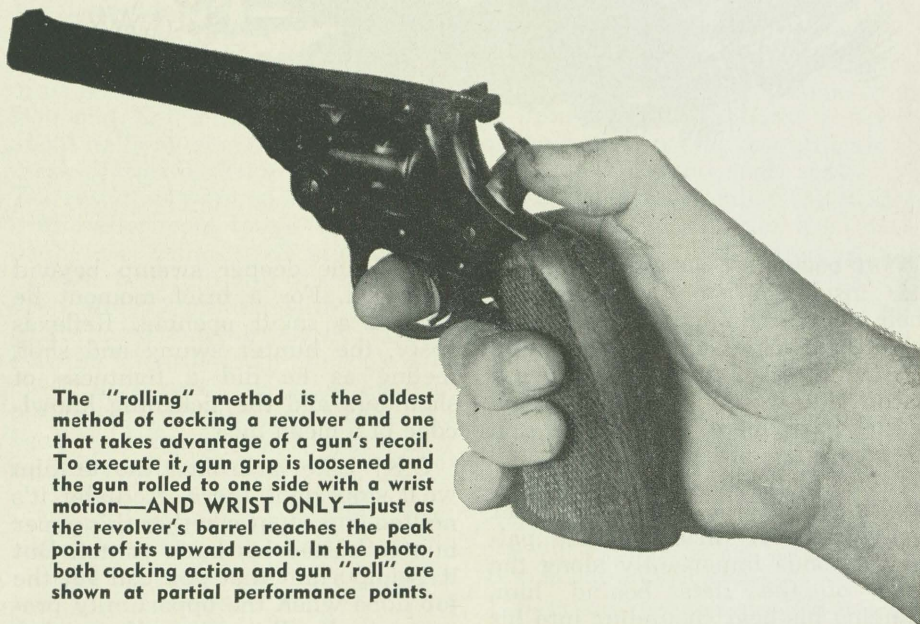
To best perform this stunt the revolver's hammer should give smooth cocking and should not have any excess "follow through" motion after reaching the rearward point that releases the hammer for its fall. (A small, adjustable stop screw placed in the trigger guard directly behind the trigger will give precise control over the final stage of the trigger squeeze. Any good machinist can easily drill and tap the trigger guard for the necessary screw.)

When you can cock your revolver and dry fire a shot without disturbing a dime balanced on the barrel, just behind the front sight, you'll be pretty close to true handgun mastery. Such mastery won't come to you right away, but when it does it will be satisfyingly worthwhile.

end



The "straight back" method of cocking a revolver's hammer involves placing the ball of the thumb on top of the hammer spur and drawing the thumb directly back toward the aiming eye. The method, many experts claim, keeps the handgun and its muzzle pointing more or less "dead-on" target and gives a more uniform trigger pull from shot to shot.



The "rolling" method is the oldest method of cocking a revolver and one that takes advantage of a gun's recoil. To execute it, gun grip is loosened and the gun rolled to one side with a wrist motion—AND WRIST ONLY—just as the revolver's barrel reaches the peak point of its upward recoil. In the photo, both cocking action and gun "roll" are shown at partial performance points.

PUBLIC HUNTING LANDS

UNDER its public hunting area program, the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission now has slightly more than one acre of managed land for each resident of the State of Florida.

The Florida State Chamber of Commerce recently reported the state's population at an unofficial count of 3,800,000. The Game Commission has 3,905,250 acres of lands in its 29 Wildlife Management Areas.

These areas are found throughout the state in portions of 40 of Florida's 67 counties.

The 29 areas include some of Florida's finest hunting lands. The state's largest deer herds are located on the Ocala and Eglin Field Wildlife Management Areas. Some of best turkey hunting is offered on the Fisheating Creek Wildlife Management Area near Lake Okeechobee. Quail hunters look to the Cecil M.

Webb Wildlife Management Area in Charlotte County. Waterfowl hunting is usually excellent in the St. Marks Wildlife Management Area.

All of the areas offer a variety of game animals and birds to the licensed hunter.

The areas were established by agreements with many landowners in the state and are managed by the Commission for wildlife and public hunting.

end



THE DOGS were slow-trailing deep inside the rim of the bayhead, their song drifting out to the hunter through dappled sun and shade and trailing Spanish moss. He shivered inside the worn jacket with new season excitement, shifted the gun to clear its swing and squinted nervously through the thinning growth where he knew the deer would pass. A thrush rustled palmetto fronds importantly along the edge of the flats behind him, bringing his heart pounding into his throat for a moment. Two airborne wood ibis clacked by to his left and were gone without him shifting his eyes to their flight. Every sound in front was etched with needlepointed sharpness, and even an ant's passing on a scrub oak branch was worthy of intense split-second study. Wonderful eternity was cupped in each sensation of eye and ear and touch.

As always on opening morning, he felt unsure. Last year seemed a long time ago, the gun a trifle strange to the hands. Too keyed up, he thought, and made a conscious effort to relax.

Then the buck was there, right where he should be. Tawny hide blended with young cypress foliage, his magnificent rack laid flat while he ghosted swiftly and silently

toward the deeper swamp beyond the burn. For a brief moment he crossed a small opening. Reflexes rusty, the hunter swung and shot, feeling as he did a tightness of shoulders and the sickening knowledge of a clean miss.

O.K! Like a broken movie film we'll stop right there. Actually it's not too important whether this paper hunter busted his buck or not. But it is important that *you* can get the job done when the opportunity presents itself. Put yourself in that hunter's place and analyze your chances. How did you do this year? Were you on the ball—or did you miff some good ones? How much practice did you have under actual game conditions on the Big Day? Any skill requires lots of it, and if you're Mr. Average about two deer hunts per season is the limit. Too late for practice then and a long time between, isn't it?

How much blood, sweat and tears go to make that chance possible? And how often does that chance come? We spend effort, time, and lots of hard-earned dough, all dedicated to the fleeting seconds game is in gun range. Everything points to this one moment, from oiling old meat-in-the-pot during mid-summer

to scrubbing the crusted frying pan you forgot last season's end the night before this one opens, right up to the unconscious effort of pulling the trigger when the chips are down. With so much involved it seems foolish not to do everything possible to insure success.

The answer for Florida deer-hunters stretches year around and lies practically in their backyards. He's low rated and beneath notice in most quarters of our state, but topflight game nevertheless. Thousands of Yankeeland hunters would be lost without this versatile little rascal. I'm talking about Brer Bunny, a furry speedball with long ears and jet-propelled legs that under the right conditions acts more like hunted deer than Mr. Horns himself.

For example, years ago in north Florida I knew the stamping grounds of a buck who ranged a heavy cover low section that lay in a rough crescent around one end of a lake. The total distance of lake shore covered was probably less than four miles. Open flats stretched on all sides beyond. Between points of the crescent stretched at least a mile of open water, seemingly a perfect set up. Florida deer take to swamp water readily, and even small open stretches when cover lies beyond, but he'd as soon walk down Main Street as take the big water unless very hard pressed, then only at last resort, or so I thought then. Using slow trail dogs we'd take our stands accordingly time and again to no avail.

Eventually I learned the answer through a fisherman who came unto the camp of a friend of mine on the lake. The man heard the dogs passing, and soon the buck came swimming by from the far shore. Not seeing the fisherman he unconcernedly mounted a lumbered cypress stump in plain view of his backtrail, arrogantly knowing his escape from the dogs was foolproof. Once since I've observed this habit of our deer to bed atop waterbound stumps.

The amazing parallel came two years ago in a phosphate pit below Lakeland. By now I was well sold on the pre-season rabbit hunting practice idea and had acquired an old redbone bitch for just that reason. She had a good nose and was molasses slow as must be. The pit was exceptionally deep with steep thirty foot banks dropping to narrow grassy shelves along the

PRACTICE FOR NEXT SEASON NOW

By CARSON ALEXANDER

water's edge. One end was shallows where matted willows grew overlying cattails and grass tussocks, and I set Belle in here and watched from above. She struck immediately and trailed windingly through the heavy stuff, working ever nearer the other side.

Not one, but two brown swamp rabbits soon came into sight well ahead of the dog. One took to the water immediately and paddled a circular course clear across the pit to re-enter the willows below me. The other followed, but turned to cover halfway across and burrowed into an outlying tussock, just like the buck mounting his stump. Belle came out on a dead end, ranged the bank for a few fruitless circles, and quit disgustedly while I laughed at her from the cutbank. Then I remembered the long hours spent waiting for that buck. I stopped laughing.

Oren Summer's hunting experience was limited to brush-patch cottontails when he came down from Kansas City to hunt deer in the Gulf Hammock area with us. He was a gangly, likeable tenderfoot with a will to learn that sort of exempted him from the usual hunting camp jokes traditionally accorded newcomers. That is, until he began sounding off around the evening fire about the thrills of Missouri rabbit hunts. Those hairy-chested, he deer hunters really holstered, and it began. For the next few days "Rabbit" Summer led a miserable existence.

It was a dry year and game scarce. The dogs were run out before they started good and had trouble holding even the hottest trail, so by the end of the week no one had busted a cap except at a few squirrels for the pot. Some of the boys gave up and went home, leaving seven of us to play the

string out. We decided to split dogs and men and hunt two sections. At the last minute, "Rabbit", who was to hunt with Foggy Pelham and Bob Dixon, said he was staying in camp. We figured maybe he was sore about all the riding he'd been taking, but he was cheerful about it so the rest of us pulled out before dawn. Foggy, Bob and Neil put their dogs down about halfway along a swampy hammock that extended almost to camp. The rest of us went on into the scrub.

Mid-afternoon found us pulling back into camp tired and empty-handed. It didn't help to see Foggy's Jeep already parked with a dandy spike buck hanging nearby, but he eyed us biliously from the cook tent.

"It ain't ours," he growled desperately, "Two guesses." Foggy had been the roughest on Oren and now he was really hurting.

"Where's the boy," I grinned.

"Don't know." Foggy replied. "He wasn't here when we got in."

Sometime later while we were eating, Neil elbowed Foggy so hard the jokester almost swallowed his fork.

"Migawd, Foggy!" Neil sputtered, "Here he comes—and he's draggin' another one."

Sure enough, Oren reeled up with the biggest buck I've ever seen out of Gulf Hammock and staggered to a seat exhaustedly.

"Hi, fellows," he said innocently, "Got me a pair of Florida rabbits."

The saga of Summer might be laid to beginner's luck. You don't need a seeing eye dog to point out how seldom such things happen. Naturally luck played its part, still, you've got to admit to something more than pure chance when one man in a whole camp of veteran deer hunters fills his card and no one else gets a smell. Even if he is a greenhorn.

According to Oren the explanation

was simple. After the first few days he'd begun to figure chasing deer was just an oversized rabbit hunt, so, when he heard Foggy say he was going to loose the dogs in the swamp close to camp, he decided to try his way.

"You know," he explained, "slip a beagle in a bramble patch full of rabbits and everyone'll stick tight until they decide whose tail the dog's on and which way he's goin'. Then they'll try sneaking out the back way under cover. Or maybe they'll ease into a thicker part where they feel safer.

"I was hunting what you and the dogs weren't. Three does and the big one came pussyfootin' right down the middle with that little spike off to the side. Dammed if he didn't go down too when I shot the buck, but he was only crippled bad and I had to chase him some. Brought the spike in first, then had a helluva time finding the other."

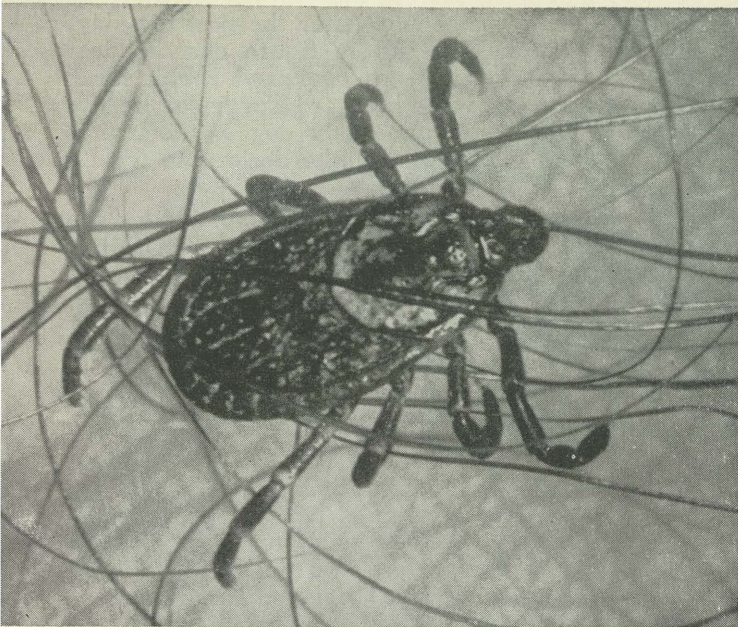
(Author's Note: The above is one of those unfortunate occasions when a hunter unintentionally breaks a game law. Conservation officials are confronted with such cases repeatedly, often needing the wisdom of Solomon to sift fact from falsehood, but in most circumstances manage to reach a fair decision. Although Oren's small deer had legal five inch antlers, still, both were killed the same day, thereby making him a violator. However, knowing his background in conservation activities which space prevents including here, there could be no doubt of his innocence. The facts were presented to the proper authorities and the only action taken was confiscation of the illegal game.)

Next day we were packed to leave when Foggy handed Oren the bet pool.

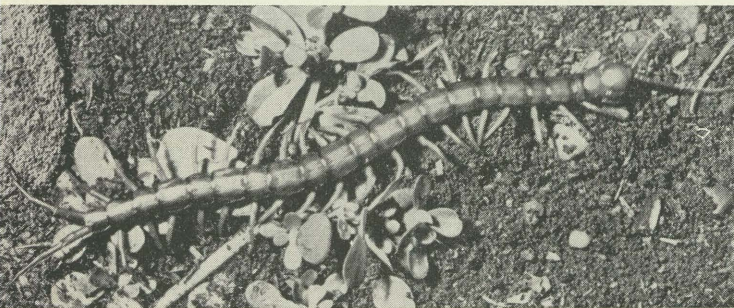
"Here you are, Two-Buck," he said in mock disgust, "but we've got a habit of wanting to get even. Coming back anytime soon?"

"Two-Buck" Summer gazed at him loftily. "I might," he said, then added reflectively, "Or I might just stay in Missouri huntin' rabbits!"

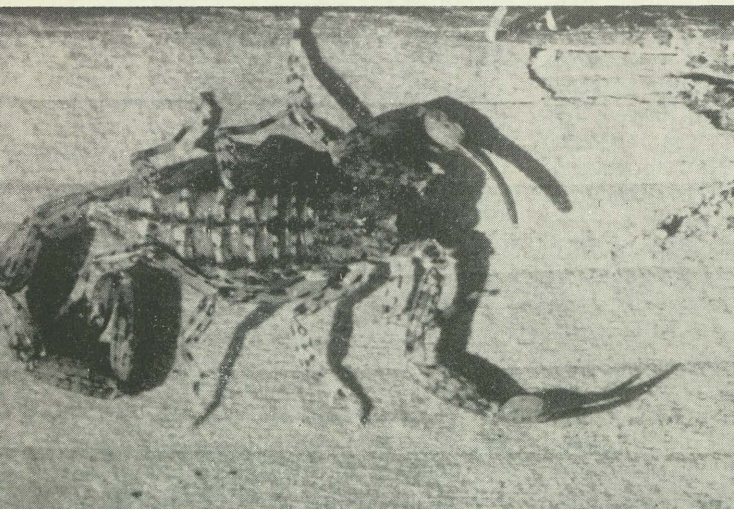
Of course, not everything works the same for all hunters. However, I do believe the average Florida deer hunter of today can be well rewarded by spending his off season time in practice. Practice upon a fine game animal who under proper conditions is a sporting quarry of the first water. Try rabbit hunting between now and next November, and I believe you'll agree. end



The tick is a potentially dangerous vacation varmint because it may transmit the often fatal Rocky Mountain fever. Ticks transfer from vegetation to their mammalian host when the animal brushes against grass or shrubs. Vacationists walking through tick infested areas should inspect themselves twice a day, applying turpentine to attached ticks to make them release their hold.



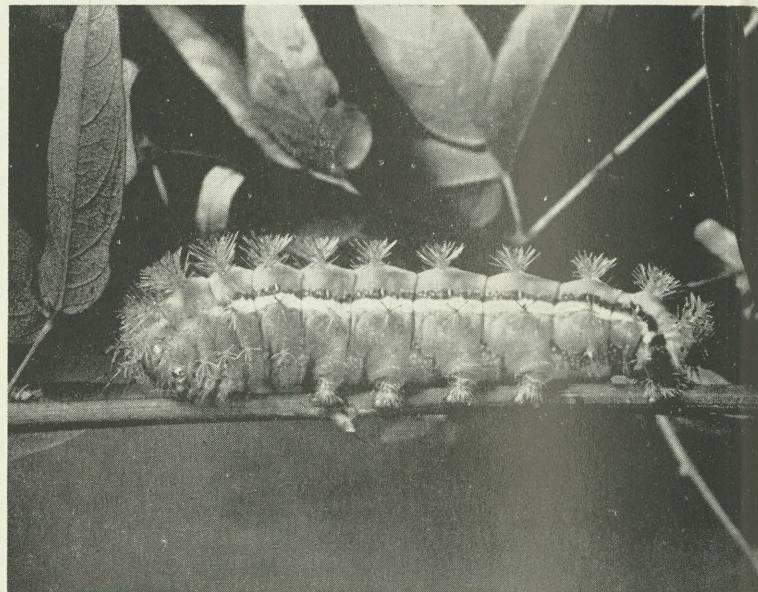
There are many kinds of centipedes, all which have hollow, hypodermic-needle-like claws by which poisonous injections may be made. Only the larger types of centipedes cause much trouble. They are nocturnal feeders. Running rapidly, they seldom stop until they are under protective cover.



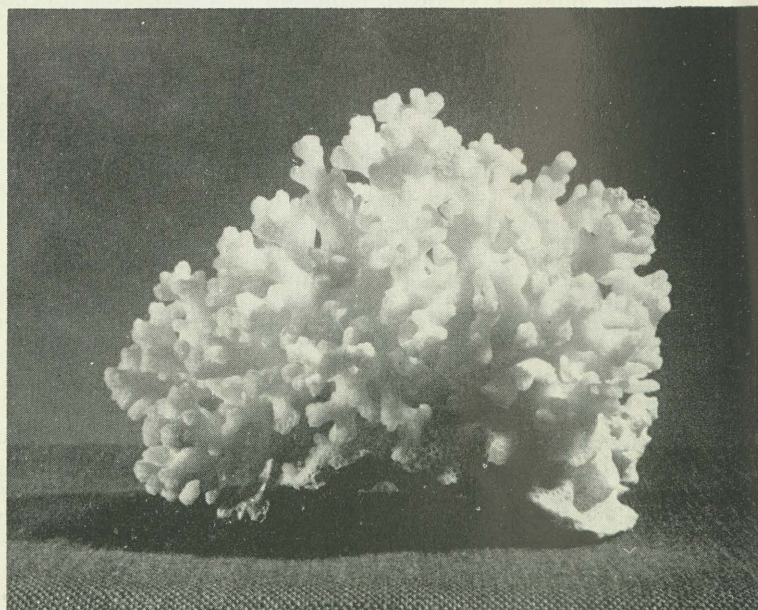
The scorpion is usually considered typical of the southwest but is known to many other parts of the country as well. This is another nocturnal varmint which seeks shelter during the daytime. At night they attack insects and spiders. If victims prove hard to handle, it kills them with a sting from the tip of the tail which is thrust up over the back of the scorpion to the victim being held by the claws. Stings to humans are usually only temporarily painful although the sting of one southwestern species is sometimes fatal.

VACATION VARMINTS

By JOHN H. GERARD



Lo moth caterpillar surprisingly has poisonous stings all over the body, an unusual condition among caterpillars. The lo is green with a horizontal red stripe and black tipped spines which are mildly poisonous.

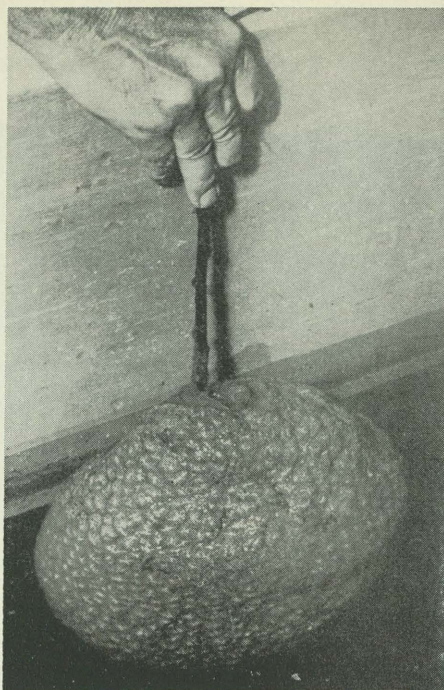


Many interesting forms of animal life are to be found in Florida's coastal waters. The vicinity of coral reefs is an especially good place to seek marine life. Ocean waders should wear sneakers about the reefs to avoid cuts from sharp coral formations.

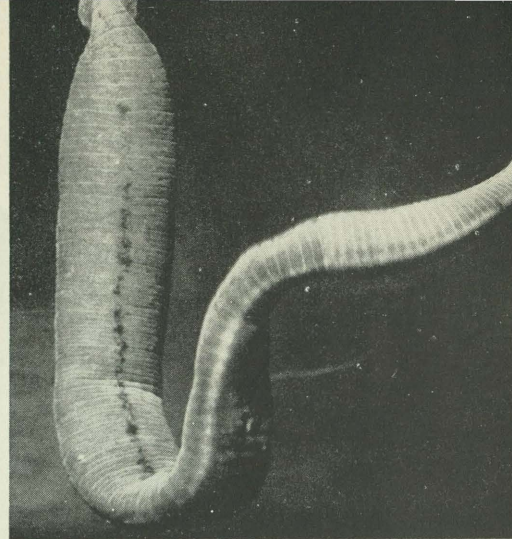
THE WARM WEATHER of summer brings some strange creations out from under rocks, logs, and fallen leaves. Many of these creatures though small are terrifying in appearance. Some of them are truly to be avoided because of their potent poisons or because they may be carriers of disease. In the long run, however, there are very few fatalities resulting from contact with these creatures, although discomfiting bites and stings are far from uncommon among campers, picnickers, and vacationists.

While leeches and ticks seek human and animal victims, most small varmints attack only when forced to do so. Though accidents may occur at any time, many come about at night and involve ground sleeping campers. Nocturnal creatures seeking places of concealment or warmth, for example, may crawl into blankets. The sleeper may then roll over onto the varmint causing it to sting, bite, or otherwise strike back in self defense.

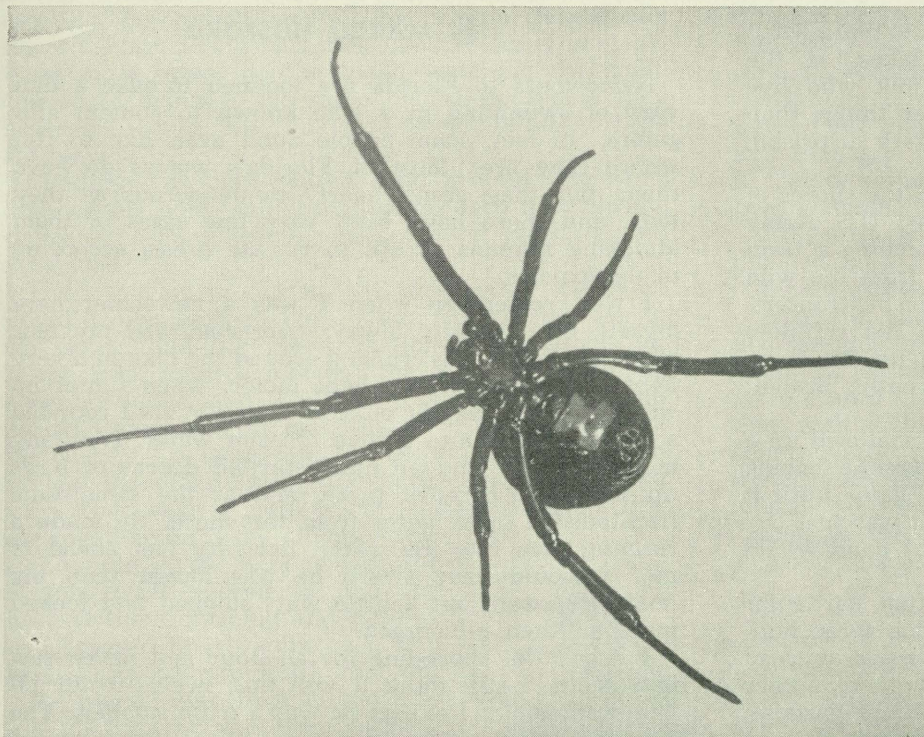
Here are some of the noxious creatures that you should avoid and some others that, despite forbidding mien, are harmless.



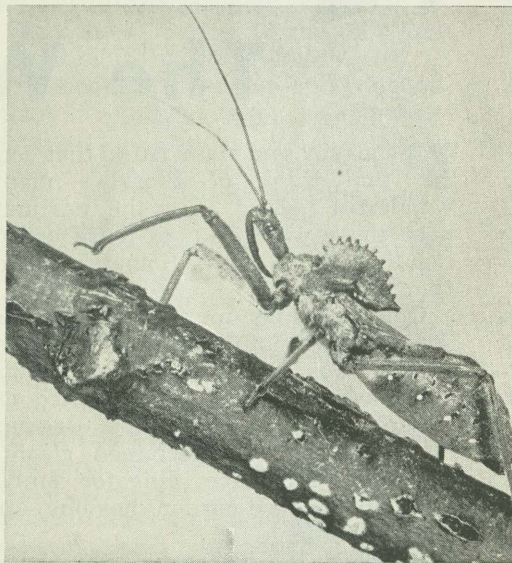
Pectinatella is a curious and harmless bryozoan colonial animal found in fresh water. Groups of them attach to wood in shady areas just under the surface of the water. The animals feed on microscopic life.



The *Haemopsis* leech is found in mud along stream and pond banks, and is nearly a foot long. Leading a partly parasitic life, it attaches itself to passing animals. It has suckers on both ends. The rear one is used to anchor the leech while the front one is used to suck blood. The leech secretes hirudin, a chemical compound which keeps blood from clotting. After a large meal, leeches may go for long periods of time, a year in some cases, without further food.

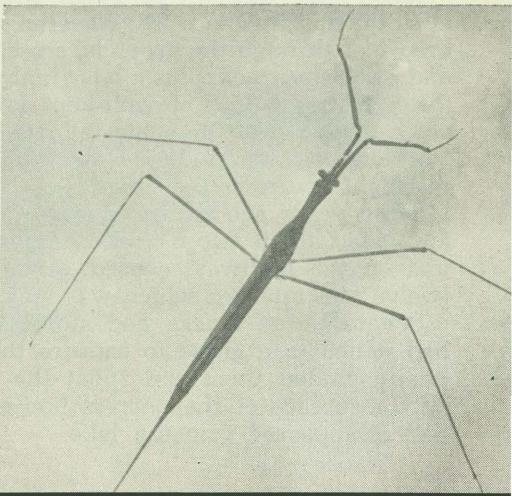


The Black Widow is the only spider in the United States that is really troublesome. There are on record a few cases of fatality resulting from the bite of this spider but most victims soon recover from the effect of the Black Widow's poison. Most of the females of this species have a red hour glass design on their under surface though in some cases the marking may consist of a red blotch or dot or even be entirely absent.



The assassin bug, above, is a fearsome looking insect whose bite is sometimes painful. Local reaction may appear and so it should not be handled. They are predators on other insects, both beneficial and injurious.

Right: The water scorpion's bite is temporarily mildly painful to legs of swimmers. These aquatic insects are found on the bottom where they feed on other insects, grasping them with their front legs.





The Waterfront Gang

By MARGO HOSFORD

PROBABLY THE FIRST THING that comes to mind when you think of Florida's many lakes, is the wonderful fishing. But the fortunate folk who live near these waters know there are other things than fish to be found there. Sometimes some very surprising things.

One November morning in a home on the shores of such a lake in Central Florida, a retired U.S. Army Colonel was dressing, preparatory to catching a train for Washington, when an excited call from his wife brought him out, fully clothed—except for his trousers.

There, with a determined gleam in his reptilian eye came a five-foot alligator, ambling up the lawn, through the rose garden, heading, apparently, straight for the house.

Rising to the emergency, the Colonel snatched up a fishing pole, and using the combined tactics of a fencing master and a bull fighter, worried the 'gator until it gave up and turned back to the lake. It was just one of those times when a movie camera at hand would have been priceless.

It isn't too difficult to guess what that particular alligator had in mind: By travelling some three hundred feet through the grounds, crossing a narrow road and a railway track, plus a busy highway, then another three thousand feet of well-kept lawns and gardens, more than one of these big fellows has made its way from one lake to another. However, they usually pick the night hours for the trek.

Some years ago the residents of the vicinity were awakened about two o'clock one morning by a traffic jam on the highway, caused, so they claimed, by a twelve foot monster which was making this trip.

Several large trucks had stopped and the drivers had joined in a chase to capture the big reptile. He finally eluded them and spent the rest of the night on the terrace of the nearest house. By daylight he had disappeared into the lake.

Newcomers to Florida are inclined to take a dim view of swimming in a lake known to contain alligators. In fact, some people don't even like to fish where they are. Most of Florida's waters do have them, but they aren't nearly so dangerous as they look, and there have been very few cases of them attacking humans except in remote areas, according to the experts.

I well remember when I was a newcomer here myself, but curiosity always over-shadowed my fear of such things. I was cruising around the lake in a very light boat, with a very light motor, when I met up with my first alligator outside captivity. As I rounded a point of land into a cove of calm water, I cut my motor, and the sudden quiet startled dozens of birds up from the heronry there, and at the same time frightened a huge 'gator from the shore. He made a running dive into the water, not fifty feet ahead of me. I would have sworn he was longer than my boat. He swam out a little way, stopped and looked me over, then submerged.

I fished the shore-line for an hour and never saw him again. I still think it was that twelve-footer I'd heard about but I expect he was a trifle smaller. The first one always looks big.

A Florida Wildlife Officer once told me: Never feed a baby 'gator around your dock. A lot of us do it, especially when fishing with live bait. They become quite tame and will hang around indefinitely, waiting for you to throw them a dead minnow. I have had small ones follow my boat around, trying to steal my bait.

All of this is safe enough, but little alligators have a way of growing into big ones, then they can become a menace to your pet dog, if it should range too near the water. Just one blow from that powerful tail can

knock the dog unconscious, or near enough for it to become an easy victim. Much worse, a small child might fall off the dock, and the 'gator, accustomed to having food tossed to him, might automatically grab the child.

They do have their useful place in the scheme of things though. I am told that in times of extremely dry weather they keep underground waterways open for their wallows, thus providing drinking places for other wildlife, and for range cattle, that would otherwise have a hard time finding water.

Alligators are also considered one of the State's tourist attractions.

As with other wild things, the Balance of Nature tends to keep the population down. Big ones will kill the little ones, and they also fall prey to other animals. A case in point is the amazing spectacle witnessed by a man and his wife, who crossed Lake Dora one morning, heading for Lake Beauclair, for some bass fishing.

While still in the first lake they noticed four large otters rolling and playing along ahead of them. The couple made one or two stops to cast into likely looking spots along the shore, then headed into Beauclair.

Leaving the canal, they were immediately attracted by loud splashings in the grassy shallows along the shore-line ahead. Edging in for a closer look, they found that the water was churned into foam, and a mighty battle was taking place between an alligator about four feet long, and a large otter.

The otter had a vicious hold on the vulnerable under side of the 'gator, which was fighting desperately to escape. The animal steered his victim relentlessly toward shore, and it was then that the fishermen saw three more otters on the bank, watching the fight. Obviously this was the same playful foursome they had seen earlier. But this time they definitely were not playing.

Suddenly, as they neared solid ground, the otter released his hold, and the alligator, torn and bloody, staggered ashore, where he collapsed, gasping and exhausted.

Then, moving in unison, the three other gangsters closed in. One took up a position in front of, and facing the victim, and the others stationed themselves off to one side. After a moment the one in front made a sudden lunge, and the 'gator opened his jaws and started forward. With that, the other two dashed in, one sinking his teeth into the body just back of the foreleg, the other taking the back leg, close to the body. Then with a great heave, they jerked the two legs together until the alligator was bent double. At the same instant, the offshore otter rushed in and the three of them, pushing and pulling, soon dragged their victim back into the undergrowth to finish him off.

The fourth otter made no move to help. Perhaps he was team captain, and merely called the signals. Apparently they were accustomed to working together, for their coordination was perfect.

Like the news commentators, I have my Reliable Source, and mine is a member of that fast-disappearing group of people who had the good fortune to grow up in an unspoiled land. His father homesteaded in Central Florida, and from the time he

was a small boy, my friend has spent every possible moment in the woods and swamps, and on the lakes. His fund of wildlife lore seems inexhaustible, and though sometimes his stories may sound like Tall Tales, they are truly the result of actual experiences.

He tells me the alligators are mighty smart when it comes to figuring things out, such as planning an ambush for an unsuspecting animal.

It seems that they have a peculiar fondness for pork, and the semi-wild range hogs that still roam the woods in remote sections of Florida fall easy prey to their cunning.

Perhaps where a pig trail runs along a lake shore, he will lay his trap. Though the 'gator may be back in the swamp, when he hears the pig grunting, as it feeds along, he will rush down to the path and place himself just to the side, and parallel to it, heading toward the pig's approach. He is too smart to try to grab it as it comes up, but lets it get half-way past him. Then he whips that powerful tail around, throwing the victim into the circle of his body, or perhaps even into the lake. Then it is duck soup to kill and eat it.

A lot of fine hunting dogs have died in this way too.

I saw this bit of intelligence displayed, in miniature you might say, while fishing one day from a dock.

Using a shiner and a round cork float, I was casting parallel to the shore, and reeling in slowly. A small 'gator no more than twenty inches long, was lying in the grass near by, and the splashing of the cast and retrieve became irresistible to the little fellow.

He crept slowly to the edge of the grass, and watched a few of my casts, then, carefully gauging the approach of the cork, he dashed out and snatched for it. I teased him along by jerking it over his head several times, until he became peeved and withdrew into the grass.

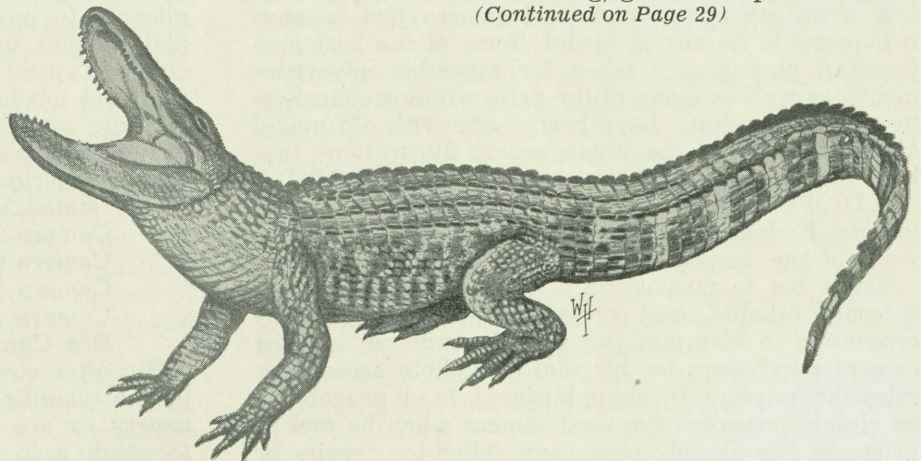
Whether it was intelligence or instinct, he soon figured out what he was doing wrong, and out he came. But this time, instead of trying to catch the cork as it passed, he placed himself in its path, and had I not been watching him, he would have "captured" it easily.

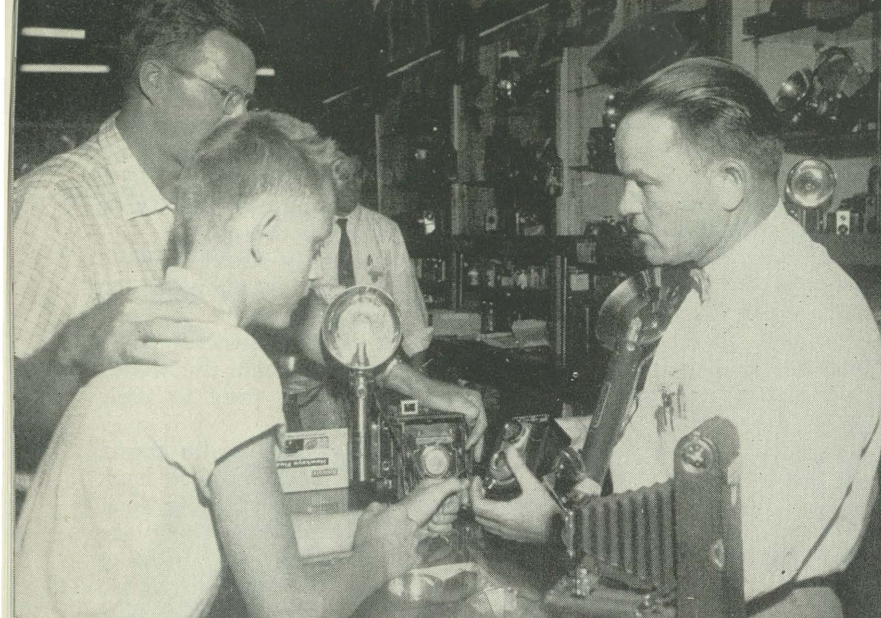
Alligators are only about six inches long when hatched, and I had the good fortune to watch the hatching process a few years ago.

A friend, another Native Son, who knows his outdoors, found a 'gator nest on the shore of the lake below his orange groves. The nest looked like nothing more than a pile of dead grass, and actually was just that, with sticks and leaves and mud added. The heat generated by this decaying plant material incubates the eggs. Hatching is a lengthy process, taking several months for completion.

Late in the summer, my friend, who wanted his children to see the hatching, gathered up a bushel or

(Continued on Page 29)





Earl Foster, St. Petersburg photo store manager, explains the features and operation of a used camera to a young camera fan planning to enter FLORIDA WILDLIFE's Junior Photo Contest. (Dad finds cameras interesting, too!)

USED BUT USEFUL

By

EDMUND McLAURIN

SUMMER AND FALL, for most readers, is vacation time, and to almost as many, it is also picture-making time.

Likewise, during the summer and early winter months many photo contests, both local and national, are usually open to amateurs. FLORIDA WILDLIFE, for example, is announcing another Junior Photo Contest, to run for several months, with valuable merchandise prize-awards for best judged wildlife photos made by junior photographers.

Are you—or some family member—missing the fun of taking story-telling pictures because of not having a dependable camera and not being able to afford a new one in the particular type desired?

A recent round-robin survey of used camera buys in camera shops throughout Florida showed a wide variety of camera makes and models available at surprisingly low prices. Some stores are pricing excellent older model folding cameras for under \$10, and even some of the originally expensive Contax, Medalist, Bantam, Voigtlander, Bessa, Graflex, Leica, Recomar, Speed Graphic and Rollei models can be had for under \$50 if you are alert to a really good used camera buy. Most of these bargains represent equipment traded in by original owners for more modern models.

Don't overlook the potent picture-making possibilities of an otherwise good used camera just because it happens to be an old model. Some of the best professional photographs taken for magazine advertisements, as well as many of the prize-winning snapshots in national contests, have been made with old model cameras. Many of the photographic illustrations that have supported feature articles carried in FLORIDA WILDLIFE were (and are) made with two simple folding Kodaks now more than twenty and thirty years of age, respectively.

Safest bet in purchasing a used camera is to buy it from a reliable, local camera dealer who has a good reputation to maintain and who depends on satisfied camera purchasers for his film and photo accessories sales and/or photo-finishing business. In all probability he closely inspected the used camera when he took it in stock; has already made any called-for repairs or

adjustments, and has such confidence in its satisfactory performance that he will guarantee its working condition for 90 days or longer.

To get the facts behind a used camera's price tag, I contacted Earl Foster, Manager of the Photographic Department of Webb's, St. Petersburg, one of the largest volume photo supply and finishing outlets in the state. Foster showed me a used folding camera he had just accepted as part payment on a new camera, and invited me to accompany the traded in camera on its scheduled re-sale itinerary. "Every camera taken in trade is carefully inspected, repaired if necessary and cleaned and checked by a qualified technician. When it comes back to store stock for re-sale, we can offer it to a prospect with confidence and back that confidence with a time period guarantee of satisfactory performance."

Foster explained that his camera repair work is handled by William Van Fossen, also of St. Petersburg, who was for many years a technician in one of the country's largest camera firms. "Van Fossen has all the specialized equipment needed to thoroughly test and re-condition a used camera", Foster added. "Suppose you go to his laboratory and watch him check two cameras I just took in trade. I'll phone him."

Foster gave me a retail repair cost schedule applicable to most ordinary folding cameras. He explained that the listed charges might vary in other cities. Typical prices for camera repair work on a complete job basis, representing new bellows, careful cleaning of lenses, adjustments to shutters and verification of focusing bed designations, and a new facial for the exterior of the camera, as charged by Webb's, Foster stated, are:

Camera Size 127	\$3.00 to \$4.00
Camera Size 120	\$3.50 to \$4.50
Camera Size 116	\$4.00 to \$5.00
Camera Size 118-122	\$5.00 to \$7.00
Box Cameras (complete overhaul)	\$1.00

But often some very good used camera buys appear in the classified advertising sections of local newspapers, or are made known to you by friends. Need for ready cash, a desire to acquire a different or newer



Don't overlook the potent picture-making possibilities of an otherwise good used camera just because it happens to be an old model. Many have excellent lenses; take good pictures. Here are a few samples.

model camera and liquidation of estates are common and legitimate reasons for selling.

I asked Van Fossen some of the checks prospective purchasers can make to get a good idea of the true condition and operating performance of a used camera. I asked the same question of camera repairmen in Miami, Jacksonville and Orlando. They jointly recommended the following checks:

You can generally judge just what care a camera has received from previous owners, and its age, by examining both its exterior and interior surfaces for signs of hard wear, cracks, patched case spots, rust, warped pressure plates and possible bending of the camera's basic frame or its lens supports (the last condition frequently caused by dropping the camera).

Open and close a considered folding camera several times to determine true alignment of related parts and ease of opening and closing operations.

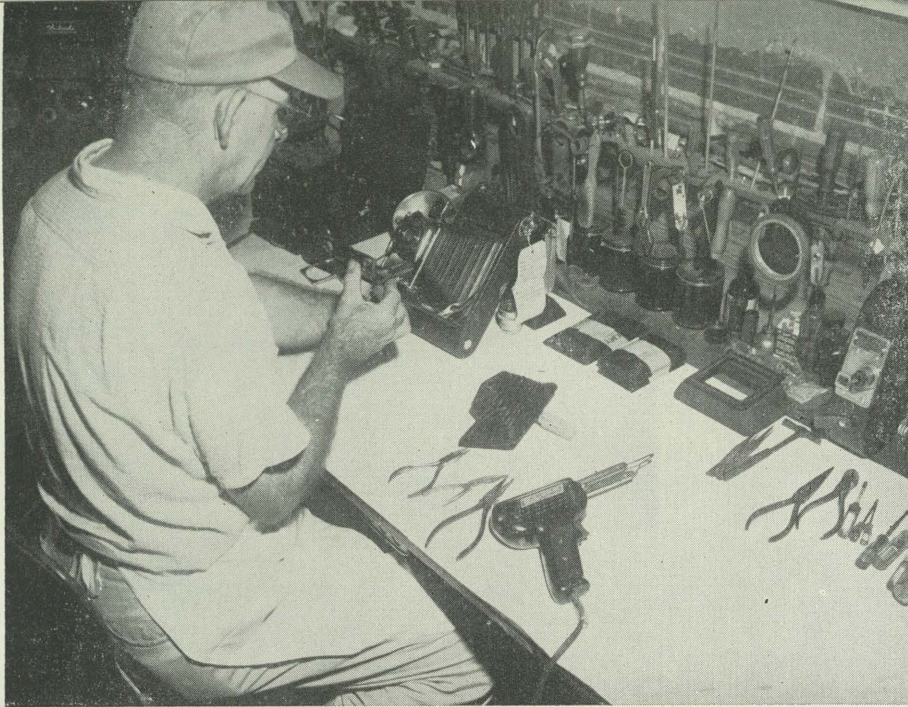
Just as lines and wrinkles in a person's face generally indicate age, a folding camera usually shows its age by the condition of its extendable and retractable bellows. Camera bellows should be examined closely

for wear, cracks, tears and pinholes and for excessive dryness. Even if first examination gives this part of the used camera an "obviously in good health" rating, take the camera, with bellows racked out to full length, to a dark closet and further examine the bellows' many folds and flat surfaces with a small flashlight for light leaks.

Another test is to load the camera with film and then—without any attempt to make pictures—let strong sunlight hit the bellows from all angles. If the film loading is roll film, make multiple tests, advancing the film one numbered section each time. When developed, the unexposed test film should be entirely free from fog; otherwise, there is a light leak somewhere in the camera, probably in the bellows. An old bellows is not expensive to replace. Don't let a worn out one on a used camera keep you from acquiring an otherwise good camera.

Examine a used camera's lens most carefully for its technical grade and condition will have great bearing on the quality of your finished work and on the

(Continued on Next Page)



Here a used camera is being checked by a repairman for true alignment of frame, lens standard, supports and related parts. This is a test you can make yourself, using both eye judgment and try-square.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

camera's versatility. To the eye, the lens should appear polished and fresh looking, free from etched fingerprints, cracks, nicks and scratches. Technically, it should be of anastigmat classification and of practical focal length. The first named feature represents a lens of the most fully corrected type, capable of fast lens "speeds" and more accurate focusing; the lens' focal length affects the size of the image of the camera subject as recorded by the lens at a given distance. The longer the focal length, the larger the image of the subject object will be at a given distance when recorded on the film. Any good camera textbook will usually serve to further explain "anastigmat" and "focal length" if you would like to have more detailed technical information.

When examining a used camera's lens, adjust the camera's light-controlling diaphragm to its largest "f" setting, or U. S. system marking (if the camera is rated under the old exposure factor system), and set the camera shutter on "Time" and inspect the lens from all angles. Surfaces should never appear dull or fungus-coated.

If possible, ask the seller to remove the lens for better, raised-to-light inspection. If this cannot be done, open the camera's back and repeat the front lens test from camera-rear viewpoint.

Test the camera's diaphragm by closing this circular opening to its smallest "f" setting and eyecheck it for uniform roundness and shape. Make sure that the desirable round-

ness of shape is present throughout the full range of successively larger f. openings. If any irregularity in shape appears at any one point along the f. scale, it usually means that one or more of the diaphragm leaves are out of their pivots. Also, any visibly bent or nicked leaves will eventually have to be serviced.

Shutters in good operating condition have a "smoothness" that can be both felt and heard; there should

not be any noticeable roughness of movement nor jerky sound associated with shutter release. In respect to accuracy of indicated shutter speed settings, only a repairman having the needed technical knowledge and testing equipment can truly determine whether or not a shutter is giving consistent, accurate exposures for each speed setting on its faceplate.

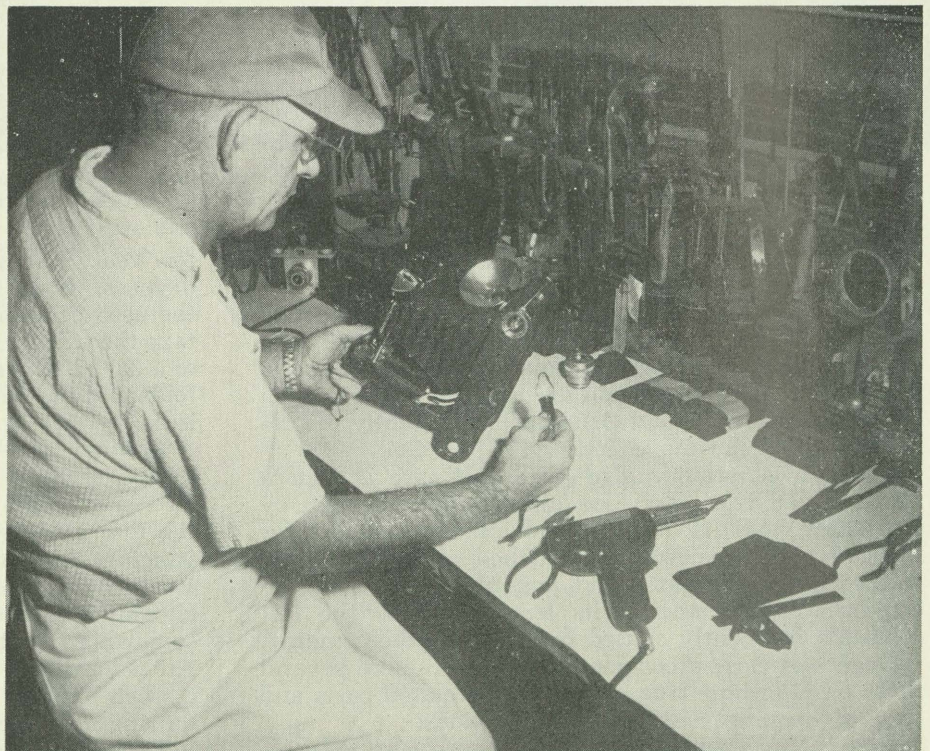
Probably the best non-technical test the buyer can make of a used camera's shutter is to test its slowest speeds against a new camera having similar shutter speeds. A common test for both focal and blade type shutters is to make comparable speed checks at the one second setting while listening attentively to the questionable shutter's operation.

With the back of the camera open for rear inspection, close the shutter and carefully scrutinize it for any pinhole of light that indicates incomplete closing. If the shutter does not close light-tight, then its blades are apt to be bent or nicked.

Also check to see if the shutter has oil on its blades; oil should not be there!

If your considered buy features a built-in rangefinder, there are several ways to check it. First, try focusing it on a distant object, one at least 300 feet away, and then note whether or not the rangefinder's

(Continued on Page 38)



A small extension light, or an ordinary household flashlight, placed inside a camera bellows and moved around slowly will show up any light leaks. This is a test you can make in a dark closet at home.

AJAX, FLORIDA

By PLATO WINDER

Dear Mister Editor:

About this time of year it becomes clear that a garden isn't what it's touted up to be. Lack of rain and an abundance of insects turn the tide.

Early in February each year our Ajax women begin a campaign to cut down on their menfolks's fishing, which time they allow can be used more profitably in gardening. Time was when our menfolks grunted and groaned and hoped in some way to sidestep the evil designs their wives had on their weekly time schedule. Now there is a long absence of sound when February appears—nothing more.

When an irresistible force meets an immovable object nothing results except a stalemate. When an Ajax housewife insists on a garden there is nothing to do but make one for her. It is nothing less than foolish to refuse because a housewife has many tricks up her sleeve, many sanctions she can enforce, and many powers she can invoke to make her helpmeet miserable. The only thing to do is to relax and pretend to enjoy it.

Of course, a husband should never make a garden too big for his wife to work. She is the sparkplug, the inspiration, the source of the garden's being, and if the man about the house gets enthusiastic enough to make a garden beyond her capacities, he is bound to find himself manning a hoe when the days grow long, the rains get short, and the sun bears down. Too, the husband should never offer opposition to a garden as February approaches. He should be aware that his will be the winning side later on. With this in mind he may quietly relax.

Should he, for example, get into an argument with his spouse about the various forces working to the detriment of the garden, she is apt to respond with a few words calculated to take the gloss from his sport of fishing. And once having begun it it would be an easy matter for the good wife to make fishing a continuous order of discussion. This would be all but fatal.

No, Mister Editor, the thing to do and the thing we do in Ajax is to pretend an agreement with our better halves. We recall the pitfalls the good woman will meet as she fights the garden's battle from February to October. The first assortment of seed will likely turn out bad; the dealer had it left over from last year. When the new seed is planted there will be a crusting rain, just enough to cause the seed to sprout and a cement crust to form over the minute plants and encase them to the point where they cannot break through. Three weeks later a downpour will permit a few laggards to come on through and begin to make plants. Right then is when the insects move in; the suckers, the biters and the borers. Then the aphids attack along with a lively assortment of airborne diseases. This reduces by half the number of growing plants. By now the beans are beginning to run and the good wife takes pleasure in observing



them and commenting on their luxurious appearance to her unenthusiastic husband.

Now it is time for the rabbits, these playful little creatures that bob up around the shrubs, the arbor, and the rose bushes causing "oohs" and "ahs" and "isn't he cute" exclamations. But not for long. A day or so later when Mamma discovers her beans are nibbled back to the ground, her wail goes up to Heaven and capital punishment is demanded peremptorily.

Now that the rabbits have declared war on the household they no longer appear at sundown offering easy targets. They are nowhere to be seen but their night raids go on. In desperation the good wife resorts to liming the garden; it having been said by neighbors that rabbits are afraid of white marks. The depredations continue. Next comes the placing of jugs. "Don't you know that a rabbit can't stand hearin' a jug whistle?" Now, of course, we have wind-less nights for a change and the beans go the way of all flesh.

Now comes the period of drought. Day after day a fair, hot sky and a brutal, brassy sun pours down its elements on the luckless garden. Only the insects thrive. Now is the time for Malathion, Rotenone, DDT, Methoxychlor, Real-Kill, Raid, and a dozen different other bug-killers.

The sum total for the garden up until gathering time is \$61.20 without the cost of labor included. Labor includes 75 nights when water is carried by hand and applied to the plants to keep their languishing spirits from departing altogether.

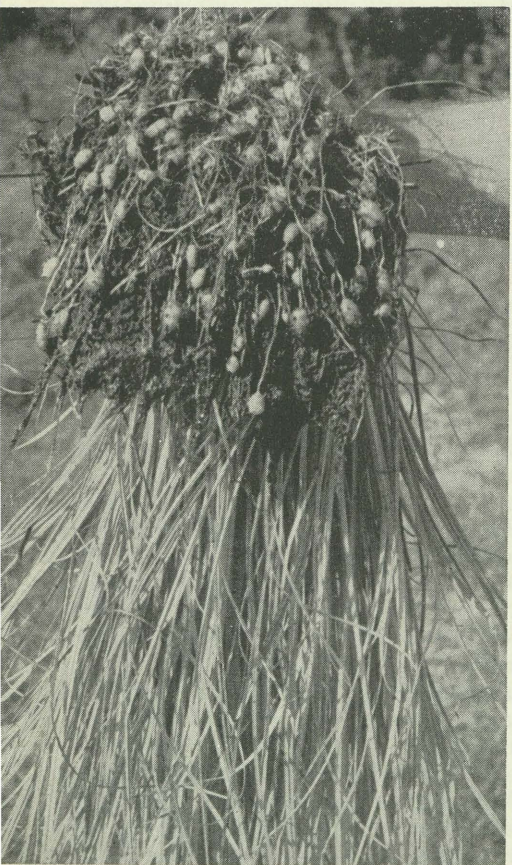
And now comes the denouement. Early in August when the corn, butterbeans, tomatoes, and okra are about ripe the time arrives for the yearly family vacation. Daughter insists on going to the mountains for two weeks and that is that. Returning home the expectant family finds the corn has grown hard, the okra over-extended, the tomatoes split, and the butterbeans dried. "Next year we'll get a deep-freeze,"

(Continued on Page 42)

DINNER DATE FOR DUCKS



Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission biologist Wayne Murray measuring out chufa "seed" tubers in preparation for planting one of the Woodruff food plots. -jj-



A mature chufa plant showing the underground tubers which provide a highly acceptable and nutritious waterfowl food. -mn-

A PROMISING new waterfowl area of interest to Florida gunners, especially those who hunt in the northwestern part of the state, is being developed near Chattahoochee by the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission's Game Management Division.

Originally, under the Federal laws dealing with land use in the vicinity of Corps of Engineers power and navigation projects, those Government lands above the operating pool level at Jim Woodruff Reservoir were considered for acquisition by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service as a national wildlife refuge. The Service, after due consideration, rejected the plan, leaving open the opportunity for the states concerned (Florida and Georgia) to apply for these areas. The Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission promptly made application for all lands on the Florida side of the reservoir.

After considerable negotiations, a License and General Plan were completed whereby the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission received approximately 7,000 acres to be used as a wildlife management area. This did not constitute all of the lands on the Florida side since several tracts were withheld for a state park and for access points.

Shortly after the License was complete, legislation was passed by the Congress which provided for the resale to original owners of all lands not considered necessary for Reservoir operation or necessary for retention in the public interest.

The Commission's Game Management Division immediately began trying to convince the Corps of Engineers that utilization of the land as a public hunt area was in the best interest of the community and public concerned.

(Continued on Page 42)



Approximately 27 acres were planted with chufas in the vicinity of Woodruff Reservoir near Chattahoochee. With a good growing season and satisfactory flooding during the fall, there should be ample food for 15,000 to 20,000 waterfowl on the Commission's plots this season.

-jj-



THE ANIMAL ART OF SELF--DEFENSE

By
ROSS PHARES

TO UNDERSTAND how animals defend themselves may save us injury or even death. The wild creatures in defense of self or home fight with amazing spunk and furious ingenuity, even down to the lowly insects. We can admire their pluck and bravery, but we must deal with them with understanding and cautious respect.

Never take a strange animal for granted. Or you may be sadly surprised. They have more tricks of defense than is generally believable. More than one man has had a leg ripped open by wart-hogs in the split second that they emerge from their burrows. Doubtless, in the distant past, enemies of the hogs caught them or pounded them to death as they sprang from their dens. Seemingly, observation or instinct has taught the hogs to guard against this vulnerable moment. Now as they emerge from a hole they flip a somersault on to the back of it. This is just the spot where an adversary would stand.

Don't take it as a wise-crack if you hear of some one getting injured by a kick from a grasshopper. It has happened. Some species grow to a length of five inches. And as would be expected the characteristic legs of a grasshopper can be its strongest parts. Some has excessively heavy legs, and they are studded with spikes. Unless you know grasshoppers, use care is grasping the large varieties. These powerful spiked legs can cut the flesh of a hand with the speed of a kick.

It's no folklore; certain snakes will spit at you. And they spit venom. Several species of cobra in Africa have this vicious habit. The ringhals snake is the most obnoxious and dangerous. It will spew at the least provocation, and its aim is astonishingly accurate up to a range of three yards. And worse still, the reptile invariably aims at the eye of its adversary. If it hits its mark it brings extreme pain to the victim, but not death as would be the result of a bite.

Some fish are dynamos on fins. One species of electric eel tested in an aquarium revealed that the electric pressure of shocks may run as high as 300 volts. There are reports of a large eel of Brazil, six feet long and half a foot in diameter that can so stun a human swimmer with a single shock that the victim may drown; and horses crossing streams have been fatally shocked. And the eel does not have to come in contact with the object of its charge. Some literally shoot bolts through the water and other conductors. It's slight consolation to know that an eel in throwing off shocks may "run its battery down" and then require several hours to generate a new supply of electricity. One charge, however, is usually enough to discourage an enemy.

Some catfish have electrical fighting equipment. And a number of insects give off electric charges. A hairy caterpillar of South America reputedly gives an electric charge strong enough to "paralyze the right arm and side of a man for a considerable period." Click beetles (in larva form known as wire worms) give shocks. And so do a few bugs in the West Indies.

The defense of some animals are relatively harmless. Being without matching strength they have to rely upon cunning. Many birds, especially those that nest on the ground, lure enemies away from their nests by acting crippled and easy to catch. However, some birds will attack viciously with beak, wing and spur. A mocking bird, I believe, is game enough to

(Continued on Page 32)



1. Eager anticipation can hardly keep a seven-year-old from bubbling over with excitement. "Gee, pop . . . we're here!"

THE BREAK between "mamma's boy" and "father's boy" begins with the first fishing trip. From then on, with slight lapses back into babyhood, a young man of seven leaves dolls behind and becomes—a fisherman.

Like father like son: and as pop did as a small boy—so does his son. Striving for independence, but still reliant on father, he is a chip off the old block.

Memories are in the making on that first fishing trip. Lakes seem larger, bites are bigger, and both boats and bait are new and exciting.

Retrospection in later years, though glossed over by exaggeration and dimmed in detail, won't diminish the tales of that first glorious fishing trip.

Ah . . . those were the days! Twenty years from now seven-year-old Richie will go through the same procedure with his own son.



2. A buck borrowed from pop (on a long-term loan) begets a boat from the man that rents 'em. (Gosh! How important can you feel.)

FIRST FISHING TRIP

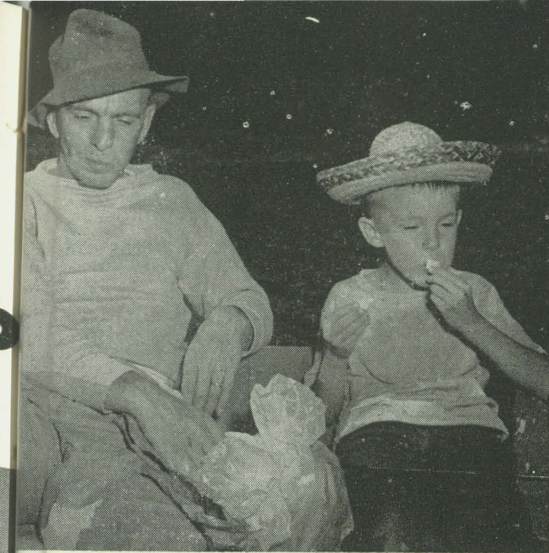
By ERIC WAHLEEN



3. Sobs of frustration are manfully restrained while battling a stubborn mooring line.



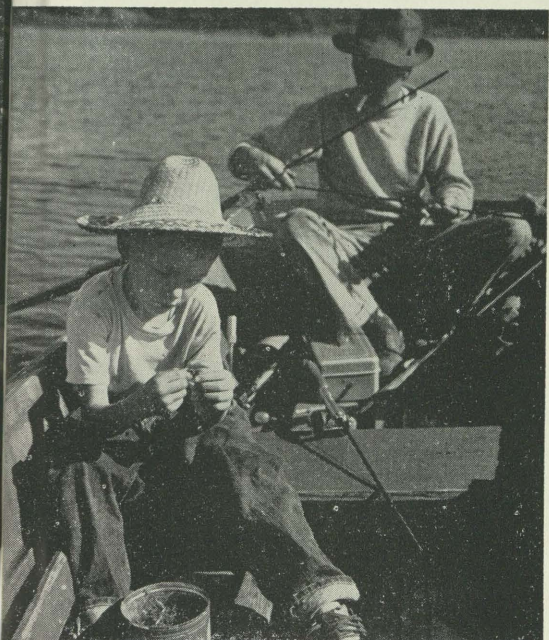
4. Rowing in circles on a boy-sized lake means mastering a new skill. The boat seems big and the lake ever larger but never mind, we've got all day . . .



5. Refueling is necessary after so much exercise. Eating is just as important as fishing and besides sandwiches taste wonderful in the middle of a lake.



8. There's more than one way to cool off on a hot day.



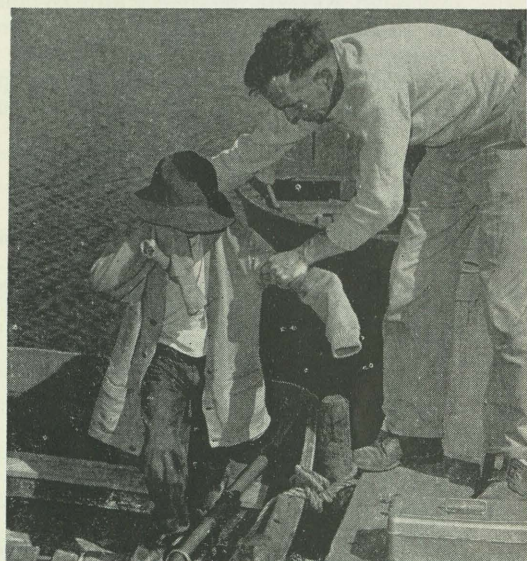
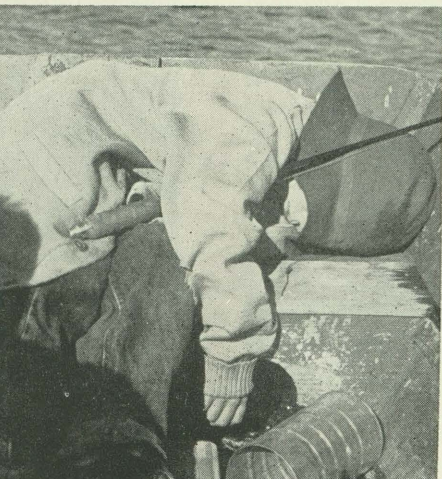
6. Now then . . . let's bait our own hook and get on with it.

7. OH BOY . . . A BITE!! (Or did the line catch on the bottom?)



9. No whining now, you mustn't catch cold . . .

10. A sleepy fisherman shrinks back to just a little boy.



11. Above: Wake up, son. Get on your feet!

Below: And so homeward bound in a happy fog. Memories will dim the fact that nary a fish was caught.



ANGLERS AGLOW

By GEORGE CROWLEY

THE MALE MEMBERS of the angling clan will have to sharpen their piscatorial wits and strive ever harder lest the weaker sex strip them completely of their fishing laurels.

More and more the gals are weighing in record fish and in all divisions of rod and reel action equaling the prowess of their more stalwart components.

Not too long ago, 24 members of the Palm Beach International Women's Fishing Association motored to beautiful Calusa Lodge on the shores of Lake Okeechobee. For two days the female Waltonians deftly wielded their light fresh water tackle in able manner and landed a grand total of 97 largemouth bass. To further prove their abilities as sports anglers, 90 of the mossbacks were returned unharmed to the lake.

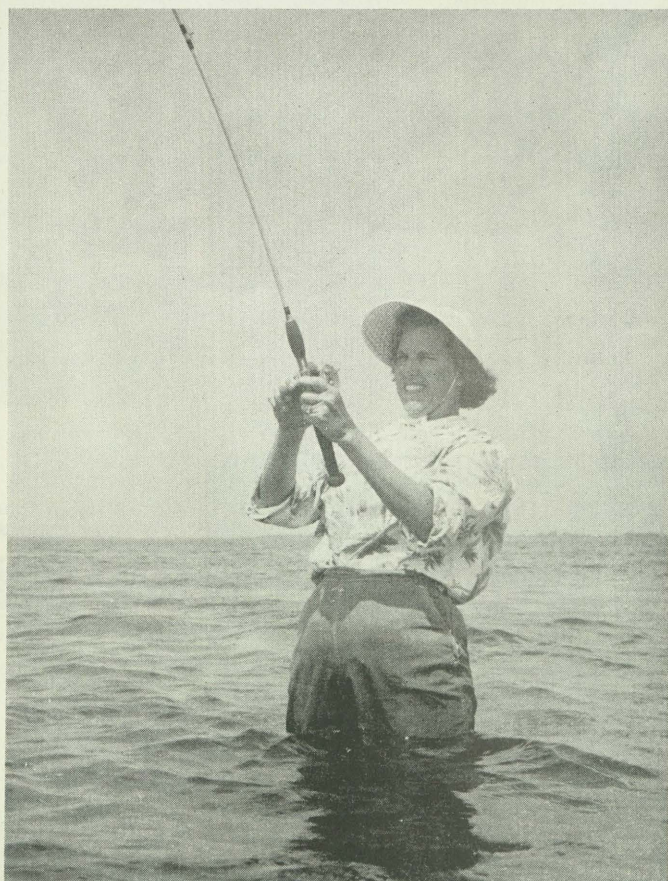
Vivian Kettler of West Palm Beach took top honors for the largest bass caught, a five pound, nine ounce lunker. Mrs. William Weems, Palm Beach, and Mrs. Donald Ward, Palm City, shared the prize for the most fish caught, each having landed 12 during the contest.

-bh- end



Elizabeth Albertson (left) won second place with a 5-pound 7-ounce bass. Vivian Kettler copped top honors with her 5-pound 9-ounce largemouth. Both gals hail from West Palm Beach.

Ginny Sherwood from Lantana displays an excellent catch.



Liz Albertson prefers wading to get within range of the tackle testing largemouths.

MEET JOY POSTLE

By
CHUCK SCHILLING



A small section of the Everglades mural that graces a 45-foot wall at the Citizens Bank of Stuart, Florida.

IF you walk into a Florida bank or hotel lobby and find yourself gazing into an outdoor mural so life-like the birds seem to be in actual flight, you are probably meeting Joy Postle.

If you come across a little poem about birds or the out-of-doors that catches at your heart, the chances are you are meeting Joy Postle. If you see a pair of breath-taking bird pictures in an exquisite setting, again the chances are you are meeting Joy Postle.

Should you happen into a club room or auditorium where a lecture on "Glamour Birds" is in progress, complete with life-size illustrations in colored chalk accompanied by the songs and music of an artist who captivates her audience, you are meeting Joy Postle.

The artist is the end product of our civilization. Thru the medium of art in all its phases, our times and accomplishments find expression. Florida is fortunate in having a number of such artists, one of whom is Joy Postle.

My wife and I stopped for lunch at a St. Cloud hotel a few months ago. When our eyes had adjusted to the subdued light of the dining room, we found ourselves facing a half completed outdoor mural that covered one whole side of the room. I knew at once that this was the same sure hand that had created the wonderful wildlife mural I had so often admired in the Citizens Bank of Stuart, Florida. Soon my wife and I were meeting Joy Postle, the artist, and her manager husband, Robert Blackstone, who make their home at Orlo Vista, Florida, nearby. We stayed on at the hotel for a little while, watching while Joy Postle worked with sure strokes and deft touch to complete her magic.

How do you go about describing an artist and her work? When I decided to write a piece about Joy Postle, I anticipated no difficulty. Her work is so unusual, her talent so decided, and her personality so charming, I thought the words would rush from my pen to put her on paper. I have found this is not so. Here is an artist who seems to hold a mirror before our outdoor Florida to freeze for posterity the reflected image. But wait a moment—a mirror image would be reversed, and Joy Postle would never be

guilty of such a departure from painstaking accuracy. Her devotion to detail is a passion.

Shortly after I met this artist, I had occasion to visit several of our state buildings, including the Capitol Building at Tallahassee. With the remembered magic of Joy Postle's outdoor Florida murals fresh in my mind, the bare, unadorned walls of our official buildings looked drab, indeed.

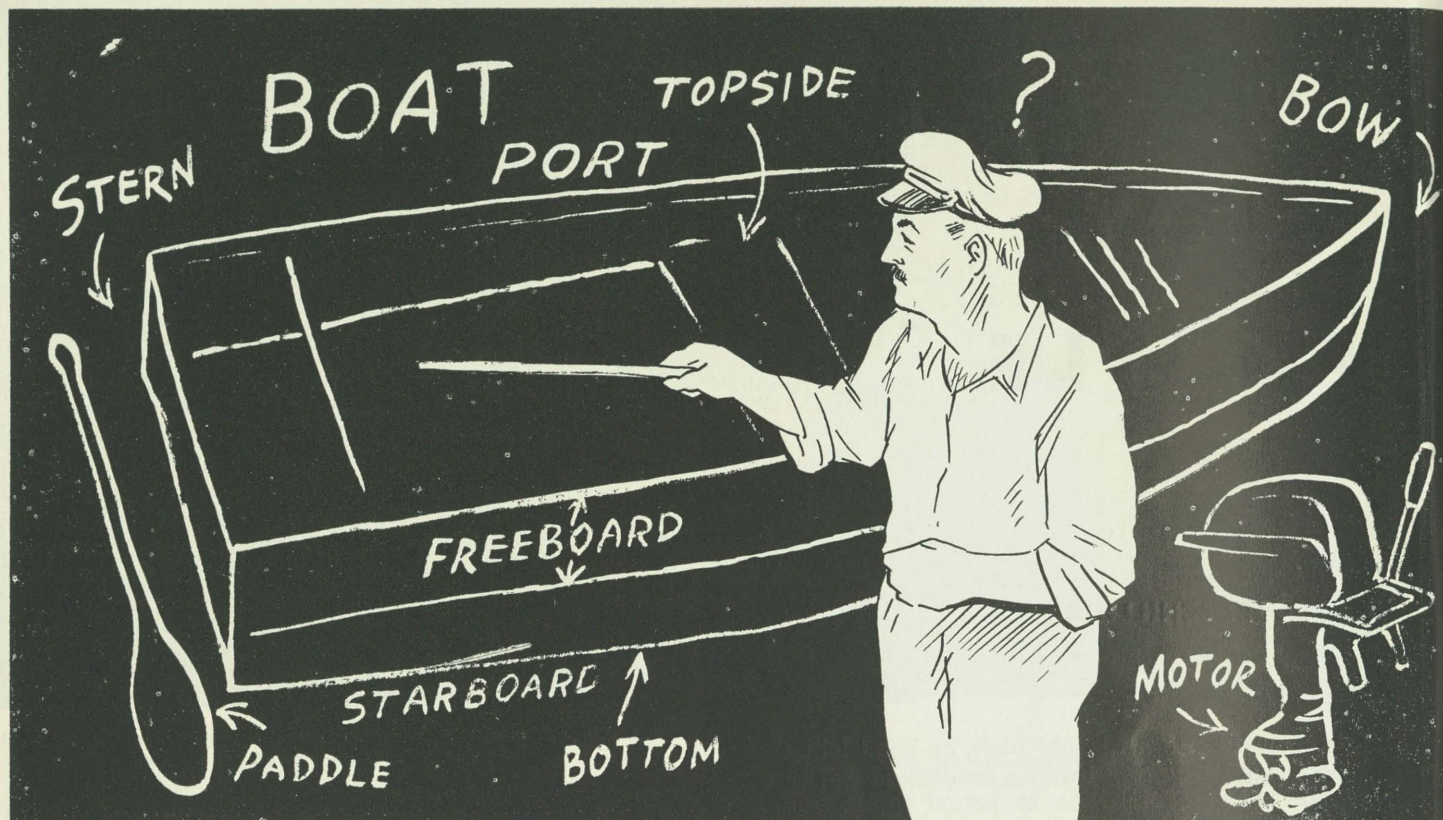
Here is a talent that should be utilized to the fullest. Do you know of a bare wall that would be improved as a picture window into the Everglades? Do you know of a showroom, waiting room, vestibule, or hall with a wall surface that could be improved by having a slice of Florida's outdoors take up permanent residence on it? If so, you should meet Joy Postle.

Joy Postle is a native of Chicago. She is an alumna of the Art Institute of Chicago and a member of Kappa Pi National Honorary Art Fraternity. She is the author of "Drawing Birds," published by Pitman Publishing Corp., New York and London, which is the most complete and detailed instruction book on how to draw birds accurately and attractively I have ever seen. She is the author of "Glamour Birds," an illustrated book of poems. In her entertaining lectures, Joy Postle brings the mysterious swamps and waterways of Florida and the nation to her audiences in songs, witty stories, original verse, and pictures. You feel the spell of the woods and fields as she sings and draws the wading birds life-size in colored chalk. Joy Postle and her naturalist-writer husband, Bob Blackstone, have covered most of the wild areas of America in their field trips, gathering material for their work and living a life dedicated to the arts and the out-of-doors. Two of Miss Postle's poems that particularly appeal to me are:

"MUD HOLE

"No azure lake am I,
No crystal spring

(Continued on Page 42)



THE ARRIVAL of the good ol' summertime means the chances of your using a boat to navigate across, around, lengthwise or under a body of water are increased. Even though the sun, glare, and heat reflected from the water are many times greater than in some cool, dim breeze-swept forest, the water has a summertime appeal that the human race cannot deny. It is, therefore, fitting to learn the proper handling of boats as well as the proper manners "aboard" (1) at this time.

A boat is made out of wood, generally, and has four sides: topside, bottomside, inside and outside. The bottomside and the outside are the wetsides while the inside and the topside are supposed to be the drysides. This is not always true. Your feet are usually in three to six inches of water. But, you can depend on the bottomside being wet, unless the boat is out of the water. In this case it is dry except when it is (or has been) raining.

The topside of the boat is the side you walk on except that you are not supposed to walk around in a boat. In fact, after much research I have discovered you are not supposed to do very much of anything in a boat and when you do the person-in-charge or the person-with-the-loudest-voice shouts the old nautical phrase "sid 'down." (2) This term is always used just as you attempt to step from the shore or the dock into the boat, or when you step from the boat into the shore or dock. It is regarded as mutiny to shout this term at yourself despite the fact that you know it well and have a good strong voice. It is considered

1. This is not to be confused with the use of the word in the railroad term "all aboard" even though they mean the same thing.

2. The accent is always on the last syllable and if shouted close enough to you with the proper gusto, it will knock you off your feet. Hence the old salt expression "Blow the man down."

BOATING TIME

usurping the privileges of the person-in-charge or the person-with-the-loudest-voice.

The difference between the person-in-charge and the person-with-the-loudest-voice is that the person-in-charge owns the boat. If you are using a rented boat, the boss will invariably be the person-with-the-loudest-voice. He is always self appointed. Sometimes these people are called "captain" or "skipper" though the English language affords any number of equally appropriate words that are less polite.

The head and foot of the boat are known as the bow and stern or the fore and after. Some boats have a head but they are generally on ships. They have nothing to do with direction except that it is always wise to know where they are located. There is no foot on a boat but there are hands. The people who help handle the boat are known as the crew or hands. The crew is expected to have hands though there have been some notable exceptions like Black Beard and Captain Hook in Peter Pan.

Right and left on a boat are called starboard and port. It is difficult to stop saying "right and left", but the use of the nautical terms is an important safety precaution. When someone refers to "starboard" you know you are on the water and will look out.

The part of the outside that is not wet when the boat is in the water is known as freeboard. This is a

misleading term as the board was not free and was, in fact, no cheaper than any other lumber used in the boat.

As I have said, when you are on a boat you are not supposed to do much of anything. In fact, you are supposed to stop as many of your normal processes as possible or you will be known as a "land lubber." (3) If you are fortunate enough to be on a boat with a head you do not have to take this as seriously as if you are on a boat without one. You should always determine whether or not the boat is equipped with a head before you go aboard so you can make other arrangements if it is not so equipped. (4) The person-in-charge or the person-with-the-loudest-voice will consider it a personal affront if the boat has to be brought to the shore during the cruise just for you. If you have a person-in-charge you may be able to get by with it. But, if you have a person-with-the-loudest-voice you can be sure every person for a radius of five miles will know your plight. Sound travels well over water and he is sure to take advantage of this fact.

Some boats are propelled by outboard motors and some by oars or paddles. Most boats are propelled by

both. You use the motor to get to the farthest point from shore or the dock and then row back. If you try to get smart and reverse this procedure, you will row in both directions.

The best method of using oars is not to. If it is unavoidable, go with the tide. (5) If you are on fresh water, pick a shallow stream so you can drift down, get out, and walk back. If the stream is tree-lined you can pull the boat along from tree to tree.

Of course, if your hands are lined with old boot soles you may prefer to row. If you are going out for the first time the person-in-charge or the person-with-the-loudest-voice will take a lively interest in teaching you how to row. They both believe in the learning-by-doing method of education.

So now you are ready to enjoy the thrills of boating. But one last word of warning. Because at least once during the season, boating enthusiasts fall in, get pushed in or jump in desperation, it is the general rule to wear a minimum of one watch and whatever keepsake has been in the family for three generations. It also helps to carry along an expensive camera. —mln— end

3. The phrase "land lubber" originated because of the lack of enunciation when one is being sick.

4. The best arrangement is not to go.

5. The place you want to go is always against the tide but you will end up going with the tide so you may as well decide that is where you want to go to begin with.

WATERFRONT GANG

(Continued from Page 17)

so of the nest, along with two dozen or more of the eggs, and placed them in a small wire-enclosed pen near the house.

The large white eggs, (about the size of a duck egg) had started hatching when I first saw them, and half a dozen cocky little individuals had already discovered the shallow pan of water in a corner of the pen. Other eggs were in various stages: some just cracked and some with the little reptiles half out.

Incidentally, this would seem to disprove the statement recently published, that the mother "grunts" the young from their shells. These eggs were many hundred yards from the lake.

At any rate, these little fellows came out under their own power, snapping their little jaws, and protesting with a soft grunt when disturbed by human hands. They went to the pan of water as if drawn by a magnet.

Buck nearly lost his young 'gators one day when they managed to escape from their temporary home. He found them straggling in haphazard single file, toward the far-off lake. Instinct evidently draws them to the water.

The yellow bands, which are nature's protective coloring, are

quite evident when they first hatch, but will fade gradually as they grow, starting at the tail, and eventually, when they are several feet long, will disappear all together.

This batch of young 'gators were returned to their native lake a few days after birth, some to fall victim to water birds or animals, or even to larger 'gators. Others to grow up to destroy some of these same creatures, and to help rid the lake of turtles and gar fish.

Alligators must have been past-masters at the art of camouflage long before armies even thought of it. My Reliable Source tells me of

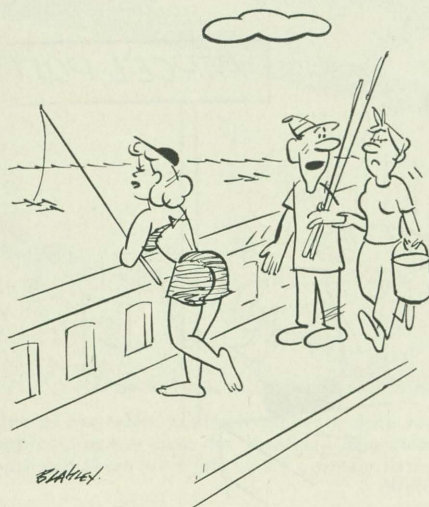
watching an amazing display of their ingenuity while he and his wife were fishing Lake Harris one day.

They had noticed a big fellow lying off-shore, and had seen him start moving toward the bank, going so slowly as to make barely a ripple on the surface. Reaching a raft of bonnets, it submerged, and in a short while a section of the bonnets appeared to break loose and start a slow drift toward shallow water.

A large blue heron, intent on fishing for its dinner, paid not the slightest attention to the vegetation floating gradually nearer him, until suddenly the mass exploded into a shower of water and leaves. The bird didn't have a chance. He had time for only one outraged squawk, before disappearing into the jaws of the scaly hunter.

Examining the broken plant stems, my friends could see that the alligator had started deep, breaking long stems first, then shorter and shorter, until, as he rose toward the surface and was near enough to snatch his prey, the stems of the leaves over his head were only a few inches long.

Yes, I think you really can see some surprising things in our lakes. Perhaps I will change my mind about alligators, because anything with intelligence enough to plan such a campaign, might be just as dangerous as he looks. But I shall still be just as curious about him. end



"This looks like a good spot."

NOTHING WILDER

By MASON WOOLFORD

LET'S FACE IT. There comes a short time when the really outstanding feature of Florida wildlife is that winged hypodermic needle we call the mosquito. I wish we had some more appropriate name for this ferocious little monster. The Spaniards who named it "little fly" showed a remarkable lack of imagination. Or were they trying to kid themselves? Or were they afraid the folks back home might get some inkling of the tortures they might undergo in colonizing the New World?

When you think of those early Spaniards, burdened down with steel armor and matchlock muskets, swords and banners and whatnot, ploughing through the mangrove swamps of Florida, you've got to admit they were men of iron. Or maybe they were so tough they didn't feel the mosquitoes that must have fought each other for biting space on every inch of exposed Spanish hide.

Not long ago I was talking with a lady who recalls quite clearly the days when her family homesteaded the north end of Anna Marie Island. They had left Tampa because half the family had been wiped out by the yellow fever. That was around the year 1900. She told about how she and her brother made quite a lot of money trapping the racoons and gathering conch shells on the island. They traded with some Mexicans who sailed across in schooners and carried the conch shells from there clear over to Spain where they were in great demand at the time.

The last time I visited Anna Maria Island (a couple of years ago) I got thoroughly punctured by mosquitoes as soon as I stepped out of the car to take some photographs. So I asked her how she managed to live with the mosquitoes, taking it for granted they had no screens in those early days. She said they made out very well by building four smudge fires, one at each corner of the home-site. Now my experience with smudge fires has been that their only protection is they make it a little harder for the biters to find their target in the overpowering smoke.

The trick of it was, this lady assured me, they built their fires of "black mangrove roots." She claims the mosquitoes would come swarming in to the attack, hit the mangrove smoke and drop dead.

Well, sir, if you ever got caught out without other protection, you can always look around for some "black mangrove roots" and smudge them all to death.

I sometimes wonder if those old folks with their smudges didn't get their rind so thoroughly smokecured that no mosquito could pierce it.

Thinking of mosquitoes, one is given to wonder how the early Indians ever managed to live through the season. Here's one explanation. I read somewhere that the Seminoles were apparently immune to mosquitoes until they began taking up with the white man's diet. This sort of chimes in with something else I've been turning over in my mind. You know how you pick up a hint here and half a notion there and begin putting them together? Well, sir, there have been rumors flying around the background to the effect that liberal doses of chlorophyl will so change the body odor that mosquitoes will not be attracted.

Lending support to this theory is something I recently read about a champion archer who goes into the wildwood each season in pursuit of deer. To bag a deer with an arrow it seems necessary to approach the wary creature within quite short range before loosing the deadly missile. This archer counsels the hunter to test carefully the air currents in the area before beginning to stalk the quarry, and to approach his probable whereabouts "up-wind" so he can't smell you coming. In addition, and note this well, he advises the ingestion of several tablets of

chlorophyl before setting out on the hunt.

If the eating of chlorophyl will subdue the hunter's natural odor to a point where it cannot be detected by the delicate olfactory processes of a wild deer, perhaps the wily mosquito can be dissuaded from attack by the same means.

And it's one of those well known but mysterious facts that some folks are never, but never, bitten by mosquitoes. Could be they just don't smell like something to bite.

Sportsmen in the North Woods can well protect themselves by wearing headnets and gloves while whipping the trout streams and salmon lakes. But the Florida hunter or fisherman is not inclined to smother himself with such paraphernalia. It's too hot. So he goes in for repellents. He goes to the shop and purchases bottles or sticks or tubes of guaranteed mosquito chaser. These he remembers after he has made his first cast and is attacked by the hungry horde of mosquitoes. He has left them home. One of the worst features of being bitten is that one's attention is distracted from making a perfect cast by the irresistible urge to scratch a couple of fresh lumps.

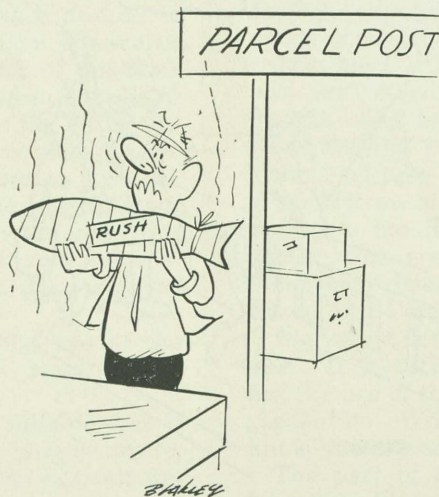
Most of the repellents on the market seem to be efficacious, for shorter or longer periods. Some of them, however, are not only repellent to mosquitoes but repulsive to companions.

A recent newspaper column by this writer, quoting a new fangled repellent, aroused quite a bit of public interest. In fact, the other day I heard that a local store had just sold its last hunk of camphor, because everybody was making up the alcohol-camphor repellent.

Let me immediately disclaim credit for the invention. I heard of it from Mrs. L. A. Logan, of St. Petersburg. This is it. Get hold of a pint bottle of rubbing alcohol (watch for a sale and get it for nine cents) and dissolve into it a couple of blocks of camphor (get it at the dime store).

That's all, Brother. Just slosh it on the arms, ankles, neck or other exposed parts and it will keep mosquitoes away for about half an hour. It's cheap, it's pleasant, it doesn't dry the skin. Of course, the biters will drill through your shirt and pants, so if you're wearing old

(Continued on Page 42)



THE FOG HUNG LOW and heavy as we pulled up in front of the Ray Black home near Sawdust Community in northwest Florida's Gadsden County. The first rays of the rising sun were softened and diffused by the swirling misty curtain. From the direction of the pecan orchard there came the guarded, raspy bark of a gray or "cat" squirrel. We slipped toward the sound.

Our appearance at the edge of the orchard was greeted by a flurry of tree-top activity. We caught sight of several snowy white bundles of fur as the squirrels, breakfasting quietly but a moment before, abandoned their feeding stations and scrambled for the safety of a neighboring grove of oaks.

The stories we had heard about a colony of white squirrels on this northern Gadsden County farm were true. We had considered the possibility that there might be an albino bushytail cavorting about the tree tops someplace in the general vicinity but the fact that there was actually a whole colony of the white pelaged nutcrackers seemed too fantastic to believe.

We stationed ourselves behind a conveniently located hedge and with cameras at hand, waited for the squirrels to return. Within a few minutes they began edging back into the grove and soon the breakfast party was again in full swing. Although they appeared leary of the camera, we were able to snap a few photos to bear out the fact that Black's special brand of bushytails are an actuality rather than a myth.

About twenty years ago, the Blacks first began seeing an occasional white squirrel. Mr. Black's father, Joe, protected them and asked the neighbors not to shoot them. The squirrels began to show a definite increase in the vicinity. Within a few years, a good-sized family of the unusual animals made their headquarters in an oak grove near the Black's home.

They make their nests in the giant oaks and use dens in the hollowed out trunks or limbs as do their more conventionally colored relatives. From the safety of the grove they make raids on the nearby pecan trees. A few of the bolder members of the colony nest in the eaves of the house and go in and out at will.

The squirrels vary in color from pure white to cream, or white with a blue gray streak. Against a background of brilliant fall leaves, they made a colorful picture that morning as they scampered up and down the trunks of the trees and across

GHOSTS IN THE OAKS

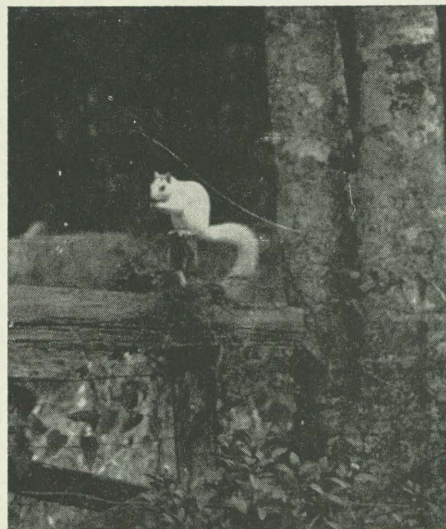
By MARY WELLS DAWKINS

the carpet of springy leafmold.

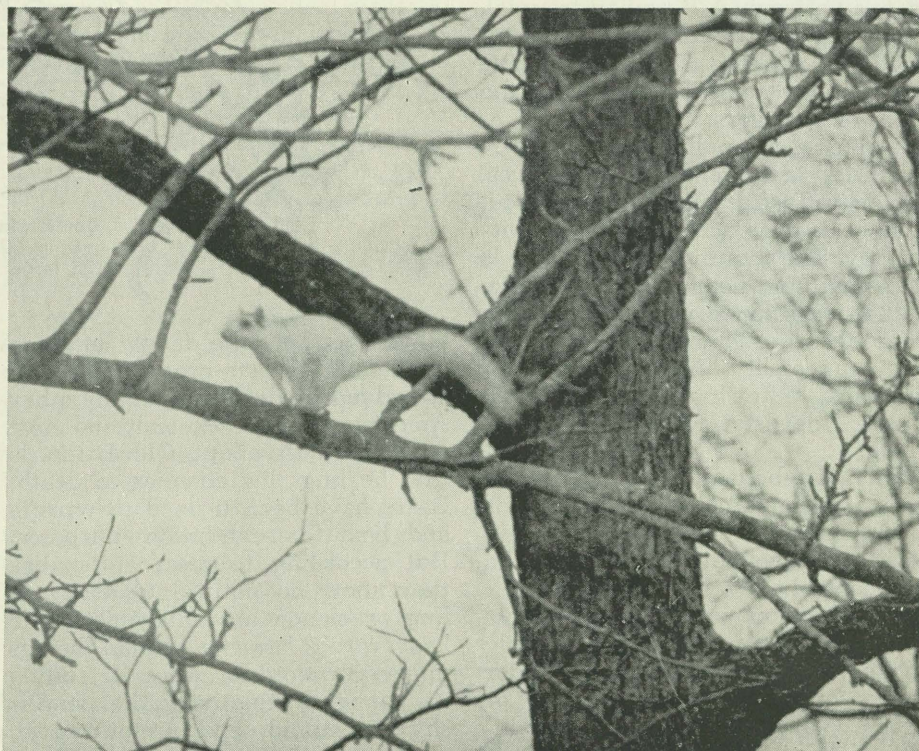
The size of the colony varies from year to year. There have been as many as fifty squirrels during some seasons, as few as ten during others. The Blacks estimate that there are about twenty-five this year.

In considering the unusual coloration of the Sawdust colony, albinism is ruled out. These squirrels do not have the pink eyes which are characteristic of true albinos. The theory that the colony represents a foreign species imported to Gadsden County is ruled out. A thorough search of the literature on the subject revealed no mention of a race of white squirrels. Besides the animals in question show every characteristic of the common Florida gray or "cat" squirrel, except for their unusual coloration.

In mutation lies the most logical
(Continued on Page 37)



The white squirrels are not albinos; they lack the pink eyes characteristic of albinistic animals. Photo by Grace Wells McMath.



One of the white squirrels makes a dash for the safety of the den tree as the photographer approaches too close for comfort. The colony varies in size from year to year. During the past fall there were about 25 animals living in and around the oak grove. Photo by Grace Wells McMath.

ST. JOHNS RIVER FISH STUDY

PRELIMINARY data collected during the St. Johns River Fish Study indicates good gamefish populations and reproductions, plus an increase in sport fishing pressure and economic evaluations.

The information indicates that Lake George has a high proportion of gizzard shad, an undesirable fresh-water fish, and a large number of miscellaneous fish species, including salt-water species.

Although no final conclusions can be drawn from the preliminary findings, pending the July 31 report, highlights of data from each phase of the study include:

Preliminary hauls made with the Commission-operated haul seine indicate presence of large quantities of gizzard shad, perhaps 80 percent or more of the total fish population, in the 72-square mile Lake George. Further hauls are to be made in the next few weeks.

The gill-netting phase of the study program also indicates large shad populations.

Spot poisoning techniques have indicated good black bass reproduction, plus good populations of panfish. A large variety of fish species, including salt-water species, have been found.

Trawl net operations have indicated a good reproduction of gamefish, plus quite a few varieties of other

fish, and a good incidence of small bluegills.

Although data has not been completely compiled on the creel census study, which ended June 30, Commission authorities said they have a general impression of an increase in sport-fishing pressure in the St. Johns area since the previous census of 1952-53.

The selective electrical roughfish control apparatus, developed and operated by the Commission, turned up a large quantity of spawning black bass during the past month.

Study experiments of the method of electrical fishing known as "monkey fishing" are still underway.

The economic evaluation studies have shown a large increase in fishing camps and boat rentals in the St. Johns River area.

The aquatic vegetation and water chemical analysis studies have resulted in the expected basic findings which are essential to preparation of a complete evaluation of the sport and commercial fish and fishing conditions in the St. Johns area.

The major portion of the fish study will draw to a close about July 15, with a fairly complete preliminary report expected about July 30. Only general conclusions may be drawn until such time as all data from each phase of the study has been compiled and compared with the overall information collected. end

ANIMAL SELF DEFENSE

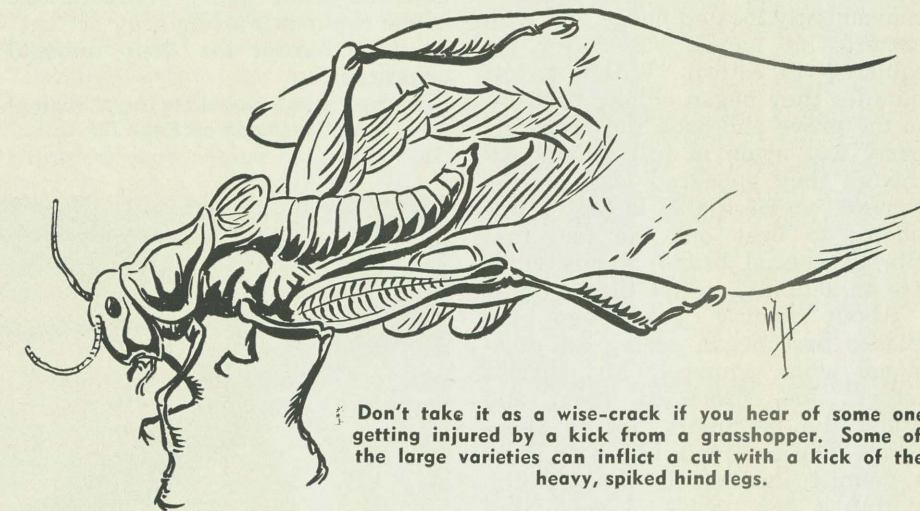
(Continued from Page 23)

attack anything, if sufficiently provoked. And it apparently never forgets an affront. A Brazilian troupial, no larger than a thrush, is a specialized eye-pecker. Even pets have been known to strike directly at the eyes of strangers.

Animals normally use their best facilities in defending themselves. The giraffe, as might be expected, swings its head across the body of its enemy. The mouth of an anteater is too small and near toothless to bite, but it is equipped with claws larger than those of a tiger. The animal rears up on its hind feet and with the long, knife-sharp, fore paws can wreak devastating damage with them.

The fire-bellied toad, when it sees itself overcome, falls on its back, shows its red belly, and plays dead. It shows admirable nerve and self-control.

Some snakes use mainly a passive defense. Certain tree snakes simply make like a limb. Their slender bodies, pointed heads, and grey or green color renders them almost invisible among branches. They even have the habit of weaving their heads in the motion of the branches swayed by a breeze.



Don't take it as a wise-crack if you hear of some one getting injured by a kick from a grasshopper. Some of the large varieties can inflict a cut with a kick of the heavy, spiked hind legs.

We over-rate the danger of some animals. The bear probably has inspired more tall tales than any other American animal. Possibly the most popular myth about Old Bruin is that he hugs his enemies to death. Bears have been trained to wrestle and box for exhibition purposes. But according to most authorities they show no natural tendency to hug or clench an antagonist. The bear rarely attacks human beings unless cornered, or when defending its young. Instinctively the bear is shy and timid, and prefers to go about its business unmolested. However, a riled bear is a vicious creature with which no sensible person will take liberties.

Defenses of animals can be learned with observation. Association with domestic animals soon reveals that equines defend themselves mainly with hoofs, bovines with horns and butting heads; dogs bite, cats claw, bees sting, etc.

The most shy and seemingly poorly provided animal when cornered or sufficiently provoked may attack with cunning and furious tenacity. We can live safely among animals if we know and properly respect their defense habits. Before dealing with any animal it is wise to observe or otherwise know its defense traits. To use an old, but apt, slogan: "It's better to be safe than sorry." end

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE—herons and egrets



Great Blue Heron, *Ardea herodias* sp.

Common throughout the state at all seasons of the year. The Great Blue Heron is a large bird, mature individuals measuring somewhat over four feet in length with a wing spread of approximately 80 inches. Back, wings, and tail bluish gray, underparts mixed black and white.

Nest in rookeries which may be used through many successive seasons. Individual nests may be located in a variety of situations but if tall trees are available these are usually favored. The breeding season is early, beginning in November or December and by late April the year's nesting activities are usually completed.

Habitually a still hunter, a bird may stand quietly for long periods waiting for an unwary frog or minnow to come within striking range. Snakes and small rodents are often victims of the unerring aim and lightning fast thrusts of the long pointed bill.

Great White Heron, *Ardea occidentalis*

Somewhat larger than the Great Blue Heron, the completely white plumage, yellow bill, and greenish

yellow legs make the Great White Heron an easily identified bird. A year around resident in the southernmost portion of the state and throughout the Keys. Occurs casually in the more northerly sections of Florida. Fishes of various kinds, mostly of little commercial or angling value comprise the main dietary items.

American Egret, *Casmerodius albus egretta*

Plumage entirely white; beak yellow, legs black. The long streaming plumes or aigrettes which are present during the breeding season were once avidly sought by plume hunters. Because of wanton slaughter during the nesting season, this species was at one time teetering on the brink of extinction. Under protection the American Egret has regained something of its former numbers and is once again a permanent resident throughout the state.

The Spanish moss lined nests are built in colonies often located in mangrove or cypress swamps or in the vicinity of forest ponds. Nesting activities may begin as early as January and continue into June.

Snowy Egret, *Leucophoyx thula*

thula

Plumage entirely white, legs black, feet yellow. Bill black with basal portion and the lores yellow. Considerably smaller than the Great White Heron.

The rather flimsy twig nests of this species are usually located in rookeries containing the nests of herons and other egrets. The nesting season may begin during the latter part of March or early April and continue into June or occasionally later. A year around resident throughout the state.

Reddish Egret, *Dichromanassa rufescens rufescens*

Two color phases; the darker of which consists of reddish brown head and neck and grayish blue body plumage. The plumage of the other phase is completely white. Birds of either plumage phase have a flesh colored bill tipped with black. The legs are bluish.

Nesting colonies of the reddish egret are known at present only from the Keys and the southernmost portion of the peninsula. Individuals may sometimes wander northward in the state at conclusion of the year's nesting activities. end

NATIONAL FOREST HUNTING REPORT

MORE THAN 40,000 man-days were spent last season on special supervised hunts on national forest wildlife management areas in five southeastern states—Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee—testifying to the continuing benefits from game management in cooperation with State wildlife agencies.

During managed hunts on these areas, 2,191 big game animals were bagged by 27,511 hunters who had purchased special permits, while more than 3,000 small-game hunters brought out an estimated total of more than 13,000 squirrel, raccoon, and possum, plus 100 wild turkey and 63 grouse.

These totals, compiled from records of forest officers who work cooperatively with State game wardens, are only a relative measure of last season's total large and small game harvest since no complete tally is available for hunting on the thousands of national forest and private acres not included in special wildlife management units. The better records within such areas result from issuance of permits which require checking-out reports by hunters at the end of each hunt.

Last season's big-game kill in management areas of these five states—2,009 deer, 140 wild boar, and 42 bear—was not a record one. Extremely dry conditions, particularly in Florida, made the game wary and stalking difficult. During eight hunts in the Apalachicola area only two bear were killed. One party reported running eight bear in a single morning without getting a killing shot. Ocala hunts netted two bear—none on the Osceola unit.

Although the deer harvest also was less than in other years, the distribution of kill was about average. Sixty-four percent of this total was bagged in the Appalachian Mountain forests of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia. The Uwharrie area in North Carolina's Piedmont added 90 to a state total of 701 for 11 management areas; Tennessee's Cherokee N. F. with six areas accounted for 491 deer, 302 from the Tellico area alone; the Florida total was 478, all but 68 from the oldest and largest Ocala unit; Georgia's six Chattahoochee N. F. units contributed 190 deer, 102 from the older Blue Ridge area and 25 from the Lake Russell unit, opened to hunting for the first time last sea-

son; while Alabama's three units of the Bankhead and Talladega N. F.'s reported 149 deer killed, with the Choccolocco area leading with 91.

The season's bag of 140 wild boar was confined to the Tellico unit of the Cherokee with 86, and the San-teetlah, Fires Creek, and Standing Indian units of the Mantahala N. F. in North Carolina, with 13, 11, and 30, respectively. It is noted that some of the boar killed on the last two areas were cross-bred animals—Prussian mixed with wild hogs of the domestic variety. The party bear and boar hunts continue popular in these areas, with 22 reported on the Tellico district alone.

For the superstitious, perhaps, it will be noteworthy that about every thirteenth deer-hunter on these special hunts in the Southeast last season got a deer. This buck-hunter ratio varies considerably by forests and by units. The number of hunters per deer killed did not vary greatly from normal on most of the older established units. Results on some of the newer areas were surprising.

On five of the six Cherokee areas, for example, where shooting of both sexes was permitted, the kill was one deer for each 11.5 hunters, about the same as on the six Chattahoochee areas, where only buck shooting was allowed. The older and larger Tellico and Blue Ridge units in these two forests showed better ratios, however—11.3 and 8.6 to 1, respectively. The enthusiasm of Alabama deer-hunters continues high—more than

25 taking to the woods in these areas for every deer killed. The best buck-hunter ratio—4.5 to 1—was reported during the season's single hunt in the Apalachicola of Florida, when 98 permit-holders accounted for 22 bucks.

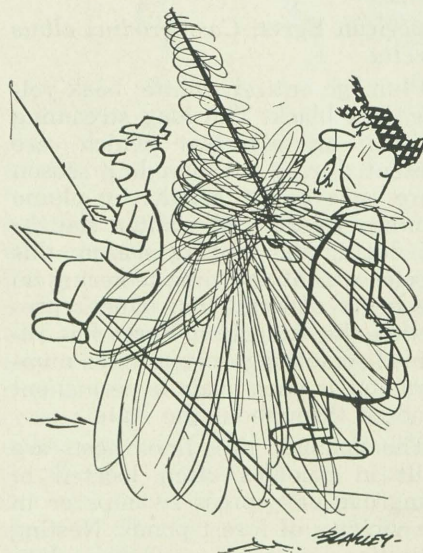
New units opened to deer-hunting for the first time last season carried off some of the honors. The Flattop wildlife area in North Carolina produced the largest buck—a 253-pound ten pointer—shot by a lady nimrod, Mrs. Clyde Ballard of Hendersonville. He weighed 215 pounds after dressing. The largest buck killed on the Chattahoochee units—an eight-point 172-pounder—came from the newly-opened Lake Russell area.

Florida's Lake George unit of the Ocala N. F. produced the season's record antlers—a 14-point spread. The biggest Florida deer—189 pounds—was from the same area. Other weight and antler records were: Alabama—184 pounds and 11 points, both from the Oakmulgee unit; and Tennessee—200 pounds, Unicoi unit, and 12 points, Ocoee unit.

Not all the deer killed during these special hunts fell before firearms. Archery hunts continue popular, with the Cherokee, Pisgah, Uwharrie, Chattahoochee, and Ocala units staging special hunts for bow-and-arrow enthusiasts. On Chattahoochee's Blue Ridge unit, 73 archers participated in a five-day hunt and bagged three bucks. Two deer were reported killed by bow-and-arrow hunters on the Uwharrie, and one was shot by one of the 200 archers that took part in a five-day hunt in Florida's Ocala forest.

Aside from the 175 big-game hunts, 47 special wildlife management area hunts for small game were conducted last season—two in Florida, four in Alabama, and 41 in North Carolina. Squirrel comprised about 75 percent of the total kill on these hunts. Alabama reported 100 turkey taken on the Black Warrior unit. Grouse hunting netted 63 birds in North Carolina, mainly from the Pisgah and Standing Indian units. Raccoon and possum hunting continued popular in most areas in North Carolina's mountains.

No fatalities from firearms were reported during any of these hunts. A shooting accident on the Chattahoochee was not fatal. On the Ocala forest, one man died from a heart attack during a deer hunt. end



"Splendid, Dear, Splendid. You've almost got the knack of plug casting."



A FIELD GUIDE TO THE FERNS, by Boughton Cobb. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 281 pages, over 500 illustrations. Price \$3.75.

This is the tenth in the excellent and comprehensive Peterson Field Guide Series of books treating specific aspects of natural history. The fern book is the first completely illustrated portable guide to the ferns of a major portion of the North American continent. Like the other volumes in the series, this guide is based on the Peterson system of visual identification. The text is clearly and concisely presented and is copiously illustrated with over 500 excellent and detailed drawings by Laura Louise Foster so that even a beginner will find the guide easy to use. At the same time the book is authoritative enough to meet the demands of the professional biologist. All of the species of ferns and their allies, the horsetails, club-mosses, spikemosses, and quillworts, that are found in the northeastern and central portions of North America are illustrated with drawings of the full plant as well as detailed sketches of spore cases, leaf patterns, and other points of identification.

The ferns and their allies have a particular interest for the naturalist, since they represent the earliest plant forms to appear on the earth. The descriptions included here of their morphology and life cycle are, in effect, a first introduction to biology.

For those whose interest in ferns goes beyond identification and collection, H. Lincoln Foster has contributed a section on the creation and care of a fernery. A living collection of native ferns would make an outstanding addition to any garden.

A complete key of silhouettes forms a visual index which immediately refers even the most casual observer to the proper species and makes this one of the most easily used guides in the series.

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FAVORITE FLIES AND THEIR HISTORIES, by Mary Orvis Mar-

bury. Published by Charles T. Branford Company, Boston 16, Mass. 522 pages, 32 color plates. Price \$15.00.

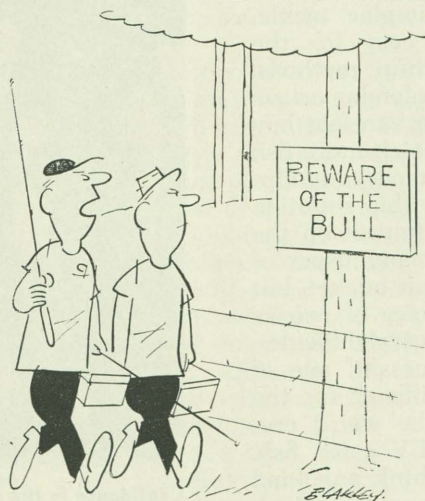
Written years ago by the daughter of Charles Frederick Orvis, a celebrated craftsman of fishing flies, this work in the main consists of a collection of letters from numerous fishermen in thirty-eight states. The letters record actual experiences of fly fishermen in all parts of the country. It was the author's aim to assemble a body of practical information to assist fishermen when "going to new waters."

Favorite Flies is a rare book. It was written for an earlier generation of fishermen and highly regarded by them as a valuable possession. With the passage of time, the book went out of print and became highly valued as a collector's item. Yet the value of the work never diminished nor did its luster ever fade.

The volume has been restored for present-day readers with all of the 291 fishing flies faithfully reprinted in six colors. They were the favorite flies of old-time fishermen and remain favorites to this day. A true and fascinating history of these flies is presented in the text.

* * * *

WILD AMERICA, by Roger Tory Peterson and James Fisher. Published by Houghton Mifflin Com-



"Where that sign should be is in our office."

pany, Boston. 434 pages, illustrated. Price \$5.00.

Wild America is the thrilling record of a 30,000 mile journey around the North American continent by famed naturalist Roger Tory Peterson and his British colleague, James Fisher. The exciting account of their travels from Newfoundland to Florida, across the southern states to Mexico and on up the Pacific coast to Alaska provides many hours of pleasurable outdoor adventure reading.

Each chapter is a detailed report of some specific encounter with wildlife set in an easy-going conversational style of writing that makes the reader feel that he is actually accompanying the two explorers on their long cross country jaunt.

Page 84 marks their arrival in Florida and for the next seven chapters you are carried on a breathtaking tour of those remote sections of the state where abundant wildlife flourishes unobserved and unhampered by the populace in general.

From the lush subtropical flatlands of Florida Peterson and Fisher head west and then north to Alaska where their journey reaches its climax in the fabulous seal islands. Every mile of the way is an individual outdoor adventure all duly logged and expertly presented in this 425 page record of modern day exploration.

Highly recommended for the sportsman's bookshelf, the reader will find it difficult to close the covers of Wild America until the very last page has been absorbed.

* * * *

The following pamphlets are available without charge from Information and Education, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida, and regional offices at Lakeland, Panama City, Okeechobee, Ocala and Lake City:

Reprints — Florida Wildlife Scrapbook pages.

Florida's Wildlife Management Areas

Lake and Stream Survey (Leon and Gadsden Counties)

Way Down Upon the Suwannee River — Mimeograph

World Inside the Managed Forest — Poster

Conservation Committee Manual for Civic Groups

Manual for Organizing Senior Sportsman's Clubs — Mimeograph

Florida Fresh Water Fish and Fishing



By **CHUCK SCHILLING**



IF ALL SPORTSMEN, the angler is most dependent on faith and self-confidence. The sports fisherman, except in rare instances, never sees the quarry he is pursuing. He needs blind faith that the water he is working holds game. More important by far, he needs faith and confidence that the lure he is using will **REALLY** catch fish.

I know many fine anglers who have never **REALLY** developed an absolute assurance about artificial lures. These are the boys who have large tackle boxes crammed full of shiny, artificial lures but who, also, have large, scuffed up bait wells in their boats. These are the anglers who, after a few halfhearted casts with an artificial, tell themselves the plug is **NO GOOD** and dive for the bait box.

This writer has always maintained that catching fish on artificial lures offers more fun and sport to the angler than does the use of natural bait. I do not condemn the use of natural baits, but I do feel their use limits an angler's enjoyment of the sport, just as I feel heavy tackle produces less fun than light tackle.

I truly believe that many anglers can **NOT** catch fish on artificial lures. I believe their failure lies, not in the lures they discard in disgust, but in their own mental processes. I don't think these confirmed worm dunkers and minnow drowners have the necessary faith and confidence in artificials to catch fish on them. I have a firm conviction that personal confidence in an artificial lure is an absolute necessity if that lure is to be a producer for you.

It is much easier for an angler to have confidence in natural baits. As a rule, a boy's first fishing success will be with worms and pan fish. He graduates to crawfish, minnows, and frogs for bass at a time when his young mind is at its most formative stage. The conviction thus gained, that natural baits **CATCH FISH**, is a very real and lasting one. By the same token, the use of natural baits requires much less skill and, generally speaking, much simpler tackle, all considerations that make it very easy for the grown-up angler to continue his youthful methods.

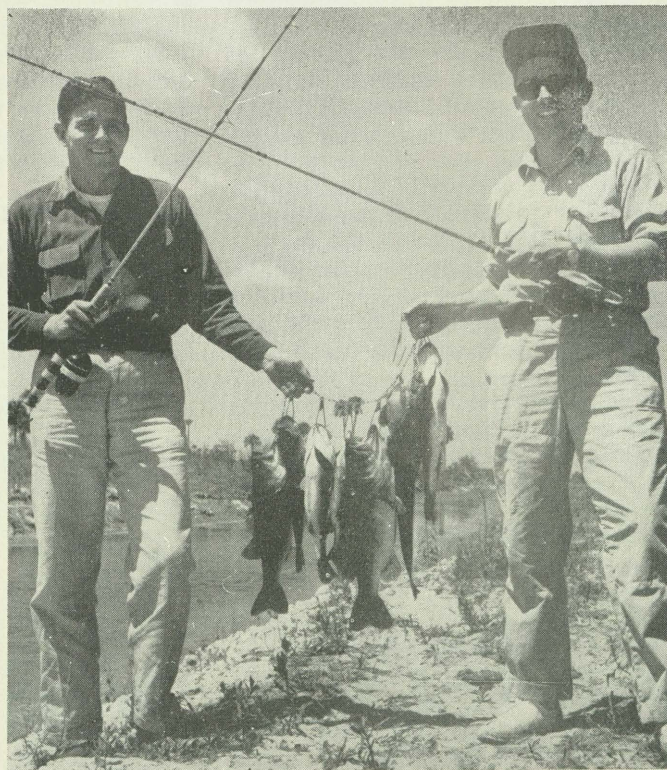
It has long been a favorite theme for calendar artists and homespun philosophers to make the barefoot boy with willow pole, bent pin, and worms catch more fish than the expert adult using the latest of modern equipment and artificial lures. The fact that this situation has no basis in fact does not lessen its impact on the minds of the uninformed. There are many users of natural baits who yearn to discard the bait bucket, but lack of intelligent instruction in the choice of proper tackle and its use make this transition very difficult.

The big stumbling block to the successful use of artificials is still lack of belief. It is difficult for the nonbeliever to convince himself that the weird creations called artificial lures will **REALLY** catch fish. Without this absolute belief, I do not think any kind of consistent success with artificials is possible. Such a statement implies that the mental processes of the

fisherman in some strange way influence the fish in their striking or not striking a plug. This is a big statement and is open to all kinds of criticism. While I am convinced of the accuracy of my observations, I will be very willing to bow to anyone who has a greater knowledge of how the mental processes of sports fishermen do **NOT** influence fish behavior.

A few weeks ago, I fished with Ted Smallwood of Everglades City. Smallwood has developed a fanatical belief that if you're not using a No. 2018 Creek Chub Darter, "You just ain't fishin'." It is pretty well-known that this writer has just as positive an attitude about the No. 509 Gold Super-Duper. It would be hard to find 2 lures with greater differences. Fishing the same water from opposite ends of the same boat, Smallwood and I made a fine catch of snook and tarpon. Our individual success was just about equal, which I think points to my belief it is the confidence rather than the lure, itself, that is the all important ingredient.

My own complete conversion to artificials came 25 years ago on Sullivan Lake up in the Arrowhead Country of Minnesota. I was at that time using artificials and, also, natural baits. My success with artificials was poor, as is usually the case with such fishermen. One windy day, Joe Kaufman, a fishing buddy from



Confidence in the artificials they were using or merely hungry fish? Chuck Schilling puts forth an idea that is certain to stir up plenty of controversy in piscatorial circles.

Kentucky, and I were anchored off a large weed bed, fishing with live perch for pike. As the waves continued to kick up, fishing with live bait became increasingly difficult. At last, I gave up entirely and began casting a red and white Dare-Devle Spoon toward the edge of the tossing weed bed.

I had hardly turned the reel handles on the first retrieve until I was jolted with a savage strike that netted a 5-lb. bass. On six succeeding casts, I caught 6 more bass and pike. Casting this red and white spoon the rest of the day, I caught and released at least 50 good fish. It was the high point of my fishing experience up until that time. This day of success with the Dare-Devle Spoon made a TRUE believer out of me. I have never doubted since—nor used a natural bait. I have caught many thousands of all kinds of game fish on a large variety of artificials since that day, but always my belief and faith in the lure being used burned brightly. I firmly believe the moment a doubt enters your mind about a lure you are using, your chances for success with it rapidly diminish.

The list of well-known, highly successful anglers who have implicit faith in a particular artificial lure is a long one. Gary Bennett of Cocoa carries a supply of Boone's Needlefish Plugs inside his shirt to keep them always at body temperature. Then there is Joe Brooks and his popping bugs, Allen Corson and Upperman's Bucktails, Buck Perry and Spoonplugs (Buck Perry is so positive about Spoonplugs his thought waves cause radio static for 25 miles around a lake he is fishing), Les Keith and Pal-O-Mines, Ernie Lyons and Leggy Bugs—the list could go on and on. My contention is it is the absolute faith possessed by all such anglers that makes the difference.

Most anglers who specialize in artificials have developed a confidence in perhaps 3 or 4, or even a half dozen, different artificial lures. It's usual for them to have enough different types of lures on their list to meet the various basic fishing conditions, but the list will be small in most cases.

This business of really believing in artificials also works in reverse. A few years ago, Hank Bruns and I were fishing in the Georgia and Tennessee mountains. We wound up one day on Lake Blue Ridge in Georgia close to the Tennessee line. Hank and I were at the time using nothing but Super-Dupers, and we

were having wonderful success with them on trout, bass, and pan fish. On Blue Ridge Lake, we met an "old-timer" who insisted on presenting us with a supply of spring lizards to take along. We put these repulsive beasts in our boat just to keep from offending the generous old boy.

Hank and I discussed the "old-timer's" obvious devotion to spring lizards and, just for the fun of it, decided to test them against our Super-Dupers. As neither of us wanted to be stuck with using bait, we tossed a coin for this doubtful honor. Hank lost.

We fished about 2 hours with me casting a 503 Gold Super-Duper and Hank casting a (ugh!) spring lizard in the approved fashion. The look on his face as he baited his hook I will never forget. I caught fish. Hank caught nix. In the period fished, I caught at least a dozen small bass and pan fish, using my favorite Super-Duper. Hank redoubled his efforts with the lizards. He changed lizards, he used smaller and then larger hooks, he tried different speeds of retrieve, and different methods of casting; but he caught no fish.

Does this mean that spring lizards will not catch fish? I'm sure you don't think so, and neither do I. I'm quite sure the "old-timer" was correct in saying they are a good bait in Blue Ridge Lake in the spring months, but I doubt if Hank Bruns could ever catch a fish on one, because he doesn't really BELIEVE in them. I doubt if I could catch a fish on one, nor do I think the "old-timer" would have any success catching fish on a Super-Duper.

If you are having no success or indifferent success with artificials, and if you would like to improve your score with them, here are a few suggestions: If you are not already spincasting, then investigate this method of fishing artificials. Don't buy the first outfit someone shows you. Investigate a little and ask advice from some of your expert spinning friends. Stick to 6-lb. test monofilament in fresh and 8-lb. in salt. You'll catch more fish. Learn to cast with reasonable accuracy. Choose a few good artificial lures and stick with them until you learn to catch fish on them. As your successes mount, your faith and mental attitude will turn positive. As you learn to believe and trust in your lures, your confidence will grow until, at last, the sky will be your limit—you'll have more fun. end

GHOSTS IN THE OAKS

(Continued from Page 31)

explanation of this unique group of animals. In the world of biology, mutation indicates a sudden hereditary change in the character of an organism. Genes are the tiny carriers of the hereditary factors which cause a fertilized female reproductive cell to evolve into an animal closely resembling the parents. Occasionally there is, through some chance of nature, a rearrangement of these genes. The result is an animal which, while resembling the parent stock, may vary to a greater or lesser degree in various ways, for

example in body size or in coloration.

The characteristics of these mutants or "sports" may be carried on through successive generations. The various color phases of ranch raised mink is a good example of the intentional perpetuation of mutant characteristics. The Sapphire, Silver-Blu, Kohinor, and other "unnatural" color phases are still mink and are readily identifiable as such but certainly not by their coloration which may range from white to black through a rainbow selection of most unmink-like pastel hues.

There is evidence that there is some cross breeding between the white squirrels on the Black farm and the more conventionally pelaged

squirrels in the vicinity. But over the years the new colony has kept pretty much to itself. The white squirrels are very tame and feed freely about the house. They run about the yard all but ignoring the chickens, pigs, and the human visitors. They have a healthy fear of the farm cats which have never accepted them except as a potential meal.

During the last few years, the squirrels have been seen on other farms in the section, some several miles from the Black place. What the future may hold for the pale bushytails no one can predict but there is no denying the fact that the Black squirrel colony is most unusual. END

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

NO HUNTING . . . No fishing . . . No trespassing!

A sign emblazoned with such dour statements is an indictment of virtually every member of the rod and gun fraternity.

The hunter guilty of shooting toward farm dwellings can kindle the wrath of a land owner and cause him to make the understandable ban against all shooters. He certainly is among the minority of outdoorsmen.

When a fisherman tramples across a freshly planted field, he has taken the step to eliminating the welcome mat for all on that farm. That malefactor also is not the typical angler.

Carelessness with cigarette butts, cattle gates or the matter of a few ears of corn may be placed at the door of a comparative handful but their faults can produce rebuttal in the form of a warning that all visitors no longer are welcome.

Outdoorsmen are prone to blame a minority of their membership for the current deterioration of sportsmen-farmer relationship. But they ignore one of the most common causes of that breakdown which finds most of them in the guilty category: that attitude that the outdoors is a vast arena suitable for the absorption of tin cans, food remnants, paper, bottles, shotshell boxes and other debris.

Some of the country's finest fishing waters are lined with assorted junk to mark the passage of anglers. State and national parks recently were described at a meeting of parks officials as signposts to the habit of littering film boxes, worn automobile tires and assorted junk in beauty-destroying profusion.

It isn't hard to understand the ire of a farmer, after an average weekend during the hunting and fishing season, who classifies his recent and unbidden guests as "just a bunch of litterbugs" and then posts his property to halt further dumping.

Some 35,000,000 persons take to the woods, lakes and streams in this country annually. Just imagine the vast quantity of debris left in their trails on any given day! This problem of litter in the back country is one of the many projects that has caught the interest of Keep America Beautiful, Inc., the national non-profit organization dedicated to the prevention of litter.

In dedicating itself to the prevention and improvement of America's scenic beauty, KAB seeks to "cultivate individual responsibility and pride in cleaner, more attractive surroundings."

A spokesman for the group suggests that sportsmen can do their part—and help themselves at the same time—by subscribing to this policy on litter:

"YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU!"

end

USED BUT USEFUL

(Continued from Page 20)

foot-scale also indicates "Infinity" focusing. Another infinity-focus test is to first set the rangefinder manually on its "Infinity" reading, and then check that setting against what should be an unbroken image as you look at a distant object through the rangefinder's optical system. Check the accuracy of the rangefinder at closer distances by measuring distances with a tape and comparing foot-scale readings and sharpness of the adjusted image with the measurements and each other.

Focusing adjustments on a used camera should work smoothly without rubbing or binding and, once set, should remain constant until manually changed.

A revolving style lens mount should turn smoothly for focusing operations without any binding or gritty feeling and should maintain its settings.

Twin-lens reflex cameras should not have any binding, roughness or looseness in their gear systems, and the image on the ground glass should check in quality with the image in the film plane.

Ordinary, old-style folding cameras and the modern press-type cameras generally have focusing rails on which the lens standard slides. Check for smooth movement

to any point on the focusing scale and positive positioning thereafter (until deliberately moved).

To further check a camera's focusing, cut out large, bold letter or word sections from cardboard signs and thumbtack to a section of wallboard or plywood set upright (at a right angle to the camera lens) in a good light. With cameras having built-in ground glass focusing, set the camera's diaphragm or "f"-setting to its largest opening and set the shutter mechanism on "Time". Open the shutter and focus on the lettering at various measured distances, comparing the sharpness of obtained images with both rangefinder set-

tings and bed-scale footage readings.

For a camera without ground glass focusing, open or remove the back and fit a piece of good grade ground glass in the exact position the film would occupy in normal operation. As positioned and viewed, the ground glass should have its glossy side outwards (facing you) and its ground or frosty side towards the lens; otherwise, you will get an inaccurately focused image—one on the back side of the improvised "film" instead of in true focal plane. With the ground glass held in place by rubber bands, carry out the focusing tests already described.

When focusing tests are carried out in daylight, a dark cloth over the head of the operator and the last half of the camera will help to make images appear sharper to the eye as seen through the ground glass and lens. For this reason, night-time tests, with the subject-lettering in bright light and the ground glass side of the camera in heavy shadow or darkness, are easier to make.

Another important roll film camera check is a complete film transport check—loading the camera with film, operating the shutter, advancing the film between exposures and final winding of the film from one spool to the next. All operations should be without attendant difficulty.

If the camera has a flashgun, ask



"It's a bonefish. What does it look like?"

the seller to demonstrate its synchronization with the camera's shutter, by the usual pilot-bulb test, or personally test-fire several flashbulbs at a large mirror and check developed negatives to see if the bulbs fired "on time" or too early or late.

Where available, try to get the seller to include filters and portrait lens attachments and other specialized accessories; they will usually be worthless to him after the camera is sold, anyway. Also, if your contemplated purchase uses cut film, ask the seller if he has extra film holders. Those of other than standard sizes may be difficult to obtain later on.

But the true test of any used camera is the pictures it takes—and that means the type of pictures you expect to make with it after it becomes yours. For that reason, ask the seller to let you have the camera for a three-day trial test without obligation to buy, and put up a substantial, refundable deposit as evidence of your own sense of responsibility.

Also, shooting a trial roll of film or exposing several plates will give you a chance to get the "feel" of the camera. A snapshot test will give you a pretty good idea of whether or not you two will get along harmoniously as a working team.

Exceptionally good used cameras exist for the camera fan who will take time to shop around. end.

WILDLIFE QUIZ

By PEARL TIMSON

How well are you acquainted with the thousands of birds that add so much beauty and joy to our landscape? The ten listed below are year-around residents, and so commonly known that you should easily tag them. If you can identify 8 to 10 from the clues, your score is 100. Names on page 41.

1. The gay little creature that enjoys your doorway and garden.
2. Bright-colored songster; high crest and mask.
3. Tiny and gray. Sings a melody of three clear notes.
4. Renowned singer and mimic.
5. Pictured on national coat of arms.
6. Pries into crevices of pines; eats from dawn to dusk.
7. Proudly wears red patches on wings.
8. Small and brown. Sings all the year, intermingled with whistles, odd trills, and imitations.
9. Eerie calls on moonlight night said to foretell bad luck.
10. Timid, yellow breasted singer.

dog chatter

By GEORGE CROWLEY

Dogs in the News

THE FASTEST traveling dog in the world is probably Major Fritz, a German shepherd mascot for the 146th Fighter Interceptor Squadron of the Pennsylvania Air National Guard.

According to current news stories, he's been shot at in the air during a tour of duty in Korea, had to make two parachute jumps, and once made a flight riding in a specially constructed under-the-wing tank outside the plane.

However his title of world's fastest traveling dog comes from the fact that his present owner, Lt. Lynn A. McKinney, flies a Republic F-84f Thunderstreak, jet fighter bomber of the type that broke the transcontinental record with a speed of 652 miles an hour. But a story of another kind currently making the rounds is probably receiving more space than the news of this speedy canine.

It seems that a little boy was just closing the deal for a newly weaned puppy. He had picked the one he wanted from the litter and was preparing to depart when the kennel owner had a moment of doubt. "Oh dear," she said, "perhaps I shouldn't let that one go. I'm not really sure he is big enough to eat yet."

A look of alarm came over the little boy's face. "Gosh, lady," he said, "I don't want to eat him—I love him."

And in Myrtle, Mississippi, Gordon Simmons, trainer of shooting dogs says you can judge the temperament of a dog just as you can a man—by looking at his eyes.

"There are sly dogs, just as there are sly people," he says. "And you can recognize them in the same way—by noting the way they look at you."

In Brockton, Mass., Alfonzo, a 70 pound boxer made a spectacle of himself during a trot through the local pubs. Friendly patrons helped him to his favorite beer and, well, Alfonzo just didn't know when to stop. Thirst quenched, the boxer tried to wander alone down one of Brockton's main streets. He wobbled, weaved, stopped, leaned

against a telephone and finally collapsed.

Spectators called the police, who classified the dog as a drunk and took him home. According to last reports he had a beauty of a hang-over.

* * *

In Harlan, Ky., children in the second grade of a local school enjoyed an unexpected vacation because a mother dog decided to raise her pups beneath the floor of the school.

The pups whined, the mother barked, and the county dog warden chopped holes in the floor to remove the family.

The school principal said the holes caused a draft so he dismissed the class until further notice.

* * *

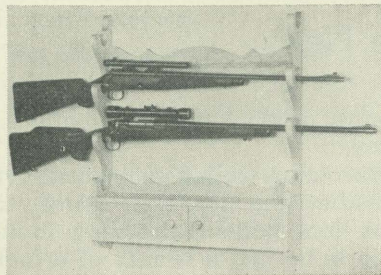
On March 26, 1956, "Susie" a little Boston Bull dog with a few white marks, escaped from a trailer in which she was riding from Marathon to Ft. Myers, Florida. "Susie" was owned by a little girl, a boy and twin boys, all under five years of age. She was their noble companion; and those children are still asking, "Why doesn't 'Susie' come home?" We appeal to anyone who knows the whereabouts of "Susie" to write to: Rickie Knilians, 1620 Center Ave., Janesville, Wis. This little dog wore a collar showing her home address in Wisconsin, license number and her rabies test tag.

* * *

In Fort Lauderdale, on April 18, 1956, Howard Cooper, a guest at the Fort Lauderdale Hotel, attempted to bite the dog of a woman guest. While sitting in the lobby, Cooper called to the woman's dog. The unsuspecting animal trotted, tail wagging, over to Cooper. Cooper, according to the desk clerk, got down on the floor and lunged at the dog to bite it. The dog darted out of reach.

When questioned by police, Cooper started thrashing around and had to be forcibly carried from the hotel. A search of the man's room disclosed a dozen drug capsules. end

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



INCLUSION in FWFT&T, FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S August 1955 issue, of simple wall brackets designed to hold a single rifle or shotgun, brought many requests for the source of supply for a more versatile and elaborate product—one holding at least two firearms in fully visible display and providing desired drawer storage space for small accessories such as sights, gun slings, scope lens caps and similar items.

FWFT&T now calls reader attention to the quality, but inexpensive, line of wall gun racks available from Branding Iron Products Company, 3441 Blacklidge Drive, Tucson, Arizona. Both assemble-them-yourself kits and finished, ready-to-use racks are available in a choice of several models. The BIPC wall-rack gun holders are not exactly newcomers to the Florida scene; many resident sportsmen already use them, and investigation by FWFT&T shows that they are well satisfied with their purchases.

The maker's standard Model C is a ready-made, already assembled, clear lacquer finished, pine rack holding as many as four rifles or shotguns, with two slide-out drawer compartments for handy storage of ammunition and small accessories. Steer head decorations embellish both drawers. The clear pine model is \$14.95, plus express for ten pounds.

The Model N is identical to the Model C except that the basic material is solid mahogany and the drawer ornamentation has been omitted. This gives a neat, conservative design for those who prefer to have eye emphasis on natural wood grain instead of added ornamentation. The mahogany model lists for \$17.95, express collect.

Most striking of all catalog listings is the deluxe Model A, also holding up to four guns and having the customary slide-drawer storage compartments in the lower section. What makes the Model A so eye-catching is its contrasting base finish and ornamentation. The rack itself is finished in flat black, satin-smooth lacquer, and the door facings of the two drawers are covered with black and white calf hide. Everything about the Model A is finished beautifully and the rack is ready to put on the wall and use. Price is \$19.95, plus express carrying charges. The same rack can be had in a Model B catalog listing, featuring a saddle brown lacquer finish instead of black and substitution of brown and white calf hair covered doors. . . . Same price.

The assemble-it-yourself kit is catalogued as Branding Iron Product Company's Model G, with choice of clear pine or solid mahogany. All parts are jig-sawed and sanded, ready for home assembly and finishing, and

the kit includes all necessary instructions, nails and glue. The pine material, Model G, kit is \$9.95, plus 75 cents postage. The Model M, the solid mahogany listing, is \$12.95, plus 75 cents postage.

Dimensions of both ready-made and assemble-them-yourself racks are identical—24 inches wide, 27³/₄ inches high, with drawer sections 5¹/₂ inches deep.

Held guns are cradled deeply and surely; they'll remain racked until you take them down. Your valuable firearms will be stored out of the way between periods of use, yet right at hand for the periodic inspection and hefting treasured guns should receive the year-around.



UNTIL you've used one several times, you can't fully appreciate the convenience and versatility of a lightweight insulated carrying bag for transporting frozen foods without ice.

The best product FWFT&T has been able to find anywhere—regardless of price—is the L. L. Bean Refrigerator Bag, insulated with Fiberglas and covered and lined with Vinyl Plastic to give users a truly waterproof, lightweight, stainproof and scuffproof container that is perfect for carrying frozen foods on trips without ice.

Fishermen will find that catches packed in damp moss or leaves and sealed in the L. L. Bean insulated bag will still be in fresh condition when they arrive home. Between field use, wives will find the bag perfect for carrying frozen foods from market to home, without ice—directly or via a delayed detour of business or social stopovers.

Two sturdy carrying straps go completely around the Bean product, both strengthening the bag and providing strong, comfortable handles, and zipper-closing seals the folding top and the body section into an airtight unit.

The outside plastic material is a most attractive red and the lining is bright yellow Koroseal. The latter can be easily wiped clean with a damp cloth after use.

All seams and the carrying straps are double-stitched for strength and long service.

Under a deliberate strain test FWFT&T could not rip the bag's stitching.

The Bean product is available in three sizes:

18"x12"x10", Weight 29 ounces.
Price \$9.90 postpaid.

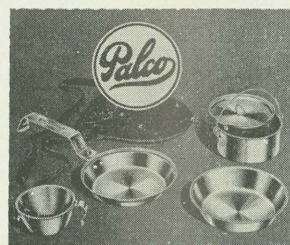
16"x11"x8", Weight 21 ounces.
Price \$6.90 postpaid.

9¹/₂"x6"x5¹/₂", Weight 7 ounces.
Price \$2.80 postpaid.

FWFT&T recommends the size 16"x11"x8" bag for all-around use, but the smallest size will pack a lunch and a half dozen soft drinks. Any of the available sizes can be utilized for picnics, for traveling, for sporting events, school lunches, baby bottles and frozen food shopping. Foods will keep cold for approximately six to eight hours, and warm (when so stored) for approximately four to six hours. Dry ice, or "canned ice", can be used to lengthen the safe storage time of cold-packed food, but such additions should be wrapped in paper to prevent sticking to the bag's lining.

Doctors should find the Bean insulated bag ideal for carrying insulin and other drugs that must be kept at prescribed temperatures, and the bag likewise has a neat, professional appearance for such users.

Order from L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine. If you already have one of Bean's outdoor equipment catalogs, you will find the bags described and illustrated on Page 2 of the wish book.



COMPANION equipment to the lightweight, all aluminum "Palco" canteen (reported on by FWFT&T in the February issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and subsequently enthusiastically endorsed by sportsmen-readers who purchased the canteens on our recommendation) is the "Palco" Mess Kit, also a product of the Worcester Pressed Aluminum Corporation, 13 Hope Avenue, Worcester 3, Massachusetts.

The kit—as pictured—represents a nesting set of cooking and camping utensils most frequently used by campers.

All items are made of pure aluminum and the use of this sturdy, lightweight metal results in a well balanced frying pan that will not tip when placed on a small portable stove or grill. The frying pan's clamping handle, which can be positioned or removed

by fastening or loosening a large wing-nut, is also made of stiff, strong aluminum.

Note (from the photo) that the drinking cup has an open handle, a design that tends to keep the handle reasonably cool even though the cup itself may be too hot to grasp. Also, the open handle style permits the cup to nest readily with the other items when packing the kit for storage.

In hard field testing by FWFT&T and six cooperating professional guides, whose jobs take them to many remote places where the going can be rough on both persons and equipment, the "Palco" Mess Kit proved it can take plenty of punishment. Features liked by all were its easy cleaning; the fact that it did not change the taste of foods under prolonged cooking, and the convenient way the nesting items packed into the provided cloth case for pack or duffle bag storage, or for shoulder carrying by an adjustable, full length shoulder strap (furnished with the kit).

Don't misjudge the "Palco" Mess Kit items—as FWFT&T did on first visual, non-testing examination—in respect to their durability in relation to their exceptional lightweight! In actual field testing, the individual items held up far beyond the service period normally expected of cooking utensils of lightweight aluminum priced to compete

with the "Palco's" assembled set. You'll get your money's worth—and more—beyond all doubt! The manufacturer has been making canteens and mess kits for thirty-five years, and the firm stands behind its products in respect to customer satisfaction.

The "Palco" Mess Kit is an ideal unit for campers, hunters, fishermen and Boy Scouts everywhere, in FWFT&T's opinion.

Price \$3.39, in sporting goods stores, or direct if you cannot find it locally.

YOU ARE THE LAW

(Continued from Page 5)

possible, give them more assistance in their work.

We should always maintain a well-balanced, well-rounded program of conserving, protecting, managing and restoring our wildlife and other natural resources.

The laws are made to protect and manage your game and fish.

The wildlife officers are employed

to enforce your game and fish laws.

Since you own the game, and you are the law, these laws and these wildlife officers are working for you.

When you chance to see an illegal truck-load of fresh-water fish going across the state line, pause and think. Those are your fish. They are being illegally taken from you. Because you are losing those fish, you are losing money out of your pocket. Your law is being broken, and your rights of ownership being destroyed.

When you hear the illegal gunshot in the woods, see the illegal trap or net, know of the illegal hunter or fisherman, suspect the unlicensed person, stop and think.

It is your fish and game.

It is your right of ownership and financial interest.

It is your wildlife officer who must enforce the law.

It is your law.

You are the law.

end

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

(Continued from Page 9)

the camp and keep coming back for their daily feed times. Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Kenan, our custodians at the camp, take care of the little ones with the many assistants who are always willing to take and give a hand. Yes, they are still being fed from the bottle.

CAMP: Our camp this year looks mighty different. Many improvements have been added. The tables in the mess hall have been painted

green with white enameled tops. The mess hall has been decorated with crepe paper for the annual banquet and installation of officers in the State League. The trim all around the cabins and the mess hall has been painted green. Two new bulletin boards have been erected on the front wall of the mess hall. The beach has been cleaned and will soon have the appearance of a real sandy water place. A gate has been erected at the entrance to the camp proper. A new sign has been located on Roads No. 40 and No. 314 indicating

in large letters that the YOUTH CONSERVATION CAMP is in the direction shown. Our large sign has been restored by the U. S. Forestry Service and is now located across road No. 314 showing the direction into camp from that road. All in all, our camp this year is tops.

FLASH: Lloyd Johnson, from the Allapattah Club, brought with him papers showing that we now have another club in the League, the Dade County Junior Sportsmen Club, sponsored by the Senior Sportsmen Club. My congratulations to the senior organization and the fourteen new members making up the club.

As I finish this, there are about six camping weeks left on our calendar. I sincerely wish that every one has an opportunity to come and spend a week with us. That's all from Lake Eaton. See you all real soon. end

ANSWERS TO WILDLIFE QUIZ ON PAGE 39

1. Florida Jay
2. Cardinal
3. Chickadee
4. Mocking Bird
5. Bald Eagle
6. Pine Warbler
7. Red-Wing Blackbird
8. Wren
9. Screech Owl
10. Yellow-Throat



Denver Ste. Claire conducts an informal lecture session on reptiles and amphibians at the Lake Eaton camp. Photo by Jim Reed.

MEET JOY POSTLE

(Continued from Page 27)

Flows from my heart,
No stately forest hems me in.
My amber deeps are clouded,
Tangled, and obscure.

"The lusty frogs sing joyously,
In my oozy muck the wild duck
Feeds royally.
And yet last night I held
The sunset captive for an hour.
The radiant moon
Lay on my breast, and I was drest
In misty veils. And now at morn
The egrets preen their snowy plumes,
And pearl-white lilies bloom
Upon my brow.

"Worlds within worlds I hold—
Books unwritten, tales untold—
Mud and slime, and joys and fears—
The life of a hundred million years.
—Joy Postle"

As a change of pace, I, also, like:

"SPOONBILL

"The spoonbill looks so queer, you
say,
And yet I think with some dismay,
That we look stranger far to him—
Some too fat and some too slim.
Poor flightless things without a
feather
To shield us from inclement weather.
But though to him I look absurd,
I would not care to be this bird,
For while his wings are nice and
rosy
His face is really awfully nosey.
—Joy Postle."

end

AJAX, FLORIDA

(Continued from Page 21)

says Mamma, "and then we can save our vegetables and eat them throughout the year." "A deep-freeze," thinks the better half to himself, "only costs \$395."

Things are pretty bleak around the house for a few days, Mister Editor, what with the hopes and aspirations of a succulent garden having gone flat until finally the man of the house comes home with his first good catch of fish. There follows a period of great rejoicing due not only to a victory on the one hand where there was nothing but defeat on the other hand but due, also, to the resigned way in which the old man accepted the garden.

Ajax women pursue no man beyond endurance, Mister Editor, and we have found by long experience

that dignified acquiescence as a household principle is a far greater means to victory than any amount of stubborn resistance, especially in choosing sides between gardening and fishing. Fall is now approaching, Mister Editor, and from now until next February there will be no more challenges to our inalienable right to go fishing, to talk about fishing, to catch fish, and to eat fish.

Respectfully,
Plato Winder, Storekeeper.

NOTHING WILDER

(Continued from Page 30)

clothes, better sprinkle a bit on them too.

For mosquito bites, I've heard of many remedies. Maybe the good old standby, ammonia water, is the best. I wouldn't know. None of them seem to keep my bites from running their full course. Though I must say they've been getting milder every year for the past five years. Maybe I'll become immune if I live long enough. Some people seem to.

Here's one from a fellow who suffered agonies from mosquito bites. He wishes to remain anonymous, so I can't give him credit for a truly great discovery. He says his bites itched and burned for weeks on end, finally turning into sores. He couldn't sleep for suffering. One night while lying on his bed of pain he heard a "still small voice" say "Try aspirin." So he jumped up, grabbed a couple of aspirin tablets, made a paste with a few drops of water and applied it to his bites. He claims he experienced immediate relief.

Several folks, apprised of the aspirin treatments, say it really works for them. Not only for mosquito bites, but for fleas and other

pestiferous insects.

And, speaking of bugs (red bugs, ticks, chiggers) a correspondent claims the administration of a "few pinches of powdered sulphur around the ankles, wrists and neck of the garments" will prevent the invasion of these little mites that invariably end up in a big red welt beneath the belt or girdle (as the case may be).

In closing, let me quote one last bit of advice. A sufferer from away back says the best way to keep off mosquitoes is to wrap the wrists and ankles in newspapers. Drastic, but probably effective.

I hope I have been able to help some of my fellow wildlifers who are also sufferers from this veritable plague of the great outdoors. end

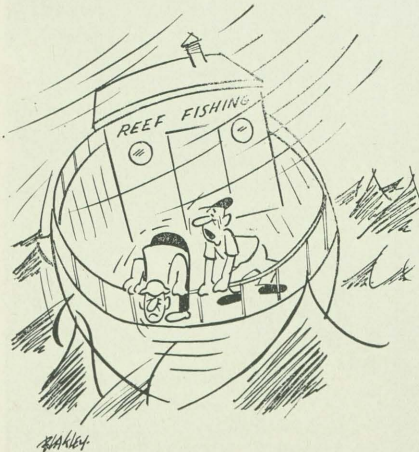
DATE FOR DUCKS

(Continued from Page 22)

This fight has lasted some two years and has finally resulted in the introduction of a bill which would permit the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission to retain some 4,000 of the original, 7,000 acres. Congressional action on this bill is now pending.

The Game Division meanwhile has done much detailed planning in order that a practical and satisfactory management area might be established. It was not deemed feasible to undertake any great amount of development work on these lands until such time as the actual status of the property is clarified.

It was recently learned that operating pool level for the Reservoir would be reached during the coming fall. Therefore, with the assistance of the resident engineer, several tracts were located which will be flooded to a depth of six inches to two feet when the reservoir is filled. Under the supervision of Wayne Murray, Commission Biologist, the best tracts were selected, disced, fertilized and planted with chufas. Approximately 27 acres were planted with this favorite waterfowl food. It is expected that with reasonable success during the growing season, and a satisfactory flooding program, food will be produced for 15,000 to 20,000 birds. Much of the work of planting and fertilizing was accomplished through the cooperation of personnel at the Florida State Farm in Chattahoochee. The plantings should attract and hold goodly numbers of waterfowl in the reservoir area this coming fall, providing northwest Florida hunters with some excellent duck shooting prospects. end



"Stop worrying about the boat sinking—with any luck at all we'll both be dead by then."

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